



# NOW THEN.

THEO SIMPSON. JARROW MARCHES. THE BLACK DOG.  
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 44. FREE.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| MANAGEMENT.      | JAMES LOCK.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| EDITOR.          | SAM WALBY.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| ART DIRECTION.   | MATT JONES.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| DESIGN.          | MATT JONES.<br>SHAUN FRIEND.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| PROOF & COPY.    | FELICITY HEIDEN.<br>SARA HILL.<br>LUCIE BOASE.                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| ADVERTISING.     | BEN JACKSON.<br>JAMES LOCK.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| AD DESIGN.       | FEEDBACKER DESIGN.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| ADMIN & FINANCE. | SARA HILL.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
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| CONTRIBUTORS.    | ALT-SHEFF.<br>MIKE WALL.<br>JACK UNSWORTH.<br>JONNY DRURY.<br>27B/6.<br>CASSIE KILL.<br>PHILL JAMES.<br>MATT JONES.<br>WAYNE FORD.<br>SAM PARKIN.<br>BEN ECKERSLEY.<br>GORDON BARKER.<br>TOBY WILLIAMS.<br>TOM BELSHAW.<br>BEN DOREY.<br>FRED OXBY.<br>SAM WALBY. |
| WORDLIFE.        | JOE KRISS.<br>RACHEL GENN.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| FILMREEL.        | JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES.<br>ALEX KEEGAN.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |

**NOW THEN IS A FREE MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE FOR PEOPLE IN SHEFFIELD.**

We aim to cultivate choice, voice and responsibility by providing a platform for independent art, trade, music, writing and local news. We support Sheffield's economy by only working with independent traders, community groups, charities and local government.

Almost all articles published in this magazine are written by members of the community, not professionals. If you don't like what you read or have something that needs to be said, get in touch. Your opinions make Now Then what it is.

**CONTACT:**

**WRITER?**  
**SUBS@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM**

**ARTIST?**  
**JONES@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM**

**MUSICIAN?**  
**SAM@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM**

**POET?**  
**JOE@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM**

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The views expressed in the following articles are the opinion of the writer(s) and not necessarily those of Now Then magazine.

Enjoy the read.

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**EDITORIAL.**

Thanks to everyone who has complimented us on last month's Off The Shelf landscape issue. We were very pleased with it. For now we are back to portrait, but we will almost certainly try it again in the future. It was a refreshing change to present the mag in a different format and it's something we're really interested in exploring.

Following on from Now Then #43, our featured artist this month is local photographer Theo Simpson, who presents us with sequences of images, some of which have been taken from self-published books like What We Buy (more on that on page 39). Theo creates his own opportunities and is a hard worker, as you can see by the range of photos on offer here, and it's great to have him on board after featuring other locals working in a similar vein.

Articles this month cover the Human Rights Act, the Jarrow Marches, sacred art and traditional British food. An amusing piece by 27b/6 brings some light relief. Our music section includes interviews with Sheffield techno luminaries The Black Dog and Liam O'Shea of Mixed in Sheffield fame. I would also recommend you read Sam Parkin's article about Senegalese hip-hop on page 43.

If you are keen and have already started thinking about Christmas shopping, please do what you can to support local traders. Not only are their products often unique, but buying them puts more money back into the local economy and strengthens our community.

**SAM.**

**NOW THEN 44 // NOVEMBER.  
FEAR IS YOUR ONLY GOD.**

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## LOCALCHECK.

RESISTANCE, SOLIDARITY AND THE CELEBRATION OF ALTERNATIVES.

HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

So we've got a crisis. It's not the end of the world, is it? Why are all politicians like the high priests of greed, preaching that the gods must be appeased with sacrifices made by us, ordinary mortals? We have to go to war, to take a pay freeze, to endure cuts in services. It's like a litany of misery. But we don't have to follow the depressing "there is no alternative" dogma like a faithful flock. Here in Sheffield there are plenty of non-conformists. Since 2008 they've been served by the Alt-Sheff website, run by a small collective of activists determined to keep people informed about resistance, solidarity and celebration of alternatives to the mainstream.

The autumn protest season has kicked off with campaigning and meetings of people sharing ideas and experiences in the face of attacks on the welfare state. As Linda Burnip of Disabled People Against Cuts puts it simply, everyone is entitled to rights not charity, and public services should not make massive profits for private firms. This promises to be a very active struggle over the coming months. Governments are cutting welfare systems while giving away far more to their chums through corporate tax breaks. If you want to know how it's done, a well-researched new pamphlet by the PCS union challenges the web of myths that the politicians and the press are always spinning. It offers ideas for the future of the welfare state. Download it free at the link below, and also see the Vimeo link. This is a really powerful video that explains exactly why the plans to 'marketise' the NHS aren't a 'reform' but a con trick. It's a short film made by a dedicated doctor and is well worth viewing.

On the peace front, rumour has it that the long-standing tradition of Sheffield Peace Fair returns to the Town Hall on 12th November this year. This is a great gathering of activist groups, it makes yer fair proud to live in Sheffield and it's quite handy for a bit of early, ethical Christmas shopping.

Another joyful happening for Sheffield is the appearance of the city's first LaDIYfest. The DIY in the title is quite deliberate - this is a homemade extravaganza inspired by the international Ladyfest movement. It's a combination of entertainment, workshops and arts at three venues, with a feminist and LGBTQ emphasis. Proceeds will go to rape and sexual abuse counselling services. Everyone's welcome. The preparations and benefit gigs have been brightening up the weekends for months; 12th and 13th November will see the festival itself in full glorious colour.

If you're into the more chilled-out alternatives to the high tech, high stress world, you may like to know that the Low-Impact Living Initiative (LILI) is back in the city with a series of interesting courses this autumn. Various green woodcraft sessions are on offer, like rustic chair making and wood carving, or you could branch out into basket making. These courses aren't free, but they are run by real experts in their subject, and LILI itself has an excellent record of promoting environmentally-friendly skills and lifestyles.

By the time you read this, the second edition of The Grail newspaper should be gracing the leaflet racks of Sheffield. This is a real life-sized newspaper, a delightful concoction of peacefully anti-authoritarian politics, spirituality, art and poetry from the people behind The Loon Show on Sheffield Live community radio.

Finally, did you notice that Sheffield Credit Union has a new home? After years of quietly developing its members' savings and loans service, they now have a shop in Commercial Street, facing the tram stop. Great news. While the playboys' banking system looks set to crash back to the 1930s, it's reassuring to know that credit unions are ethical, stable, growing and don't depend on casino stock exchanges to stay sustainable. Whether you've got super-sized savings or you're skint and scrounging, look into joining the credit union, because there are many advantages. It's like a bank, but different, heading for a brighter world where services are for people, not for profit.

So if you've lost faith in being over-worked, under-paid and powerless, don't forget there is an alternative movement. There is hope. Join the counter-culture publicised on Alt-Sheff. Keep in touch.

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# BROKEN KITTEN.

THE HUMAN RIGHTS ACT AND ITS OPPONENTS.

MIKE WALL.

## Since it became law, it’s been fashionable to denigrate the Human Rights Act.

Most criticism of it is hopelessly ill-informed. But the Home Secretary’s recent claim that it prevented an illegal immigrant from being deported because he owned a cat is so ridiculous that even the most ardent believer in human rights would not object to her, and any cat she may own, being fired out of the country in a high-powered cannon.

On 4<sup>th</sup> October Ms May told the Conservative Party conference:

“We all know the stories about the Human Rights Act. The violent drug dealer who cannot be sent home because his daughter – for whom he pays no maintenance – lives here. The robber who cannot be removed because he has a girlfriend. The illegal immigrant who cannot be deported because – and I am not making this up – he had a pet cat. That is why I remain of the view that the Human Rights Act needs to go.”

There was only one problem – she was making it up.

The real story is this. A Bolivian national lawfully entered the UK as a student and overstayed his welcome. In 2008 he successfully appealed a decision to deport him, arguing that to do so would disproportionately interfere with his right to family life under Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights. The judge agreed, citing numerous reasons for his decision; primarily, the ill health of the appellant’s partner’s father and the evidence of multiple witnesses who testified to “the strong quality of the relationship” which had subsisted since 2004. The existence of a jointly owned cat merely “reinforced” his conclusions as to the strength of the relationship.

Not only did they not appeal but, when the decision was reconsidered by another judge on their request, the advocate representing the Home Office accepted that the original judge had correctly applied Home Office Policy DP3/96. This provides that a person should not normally be deported if they have been in a relationship akin to marriage for at least two years with a person living and settled in the UK.

Ms May’s claim was therefore not only untrue; it was perhaps the most blatant case of political bullshit since Bill Clinton assured America, “I did not have sexual relations with that woman.”

Yet it is not her, but Ken Clarke who looks set to fall on his sword for properly describing Ms May’s examples as “laughable” and “child-like”. Forced to apologise, he said that he regretted the language he used. Presumably, on reflection, he feels that “idiotic and inept” would have been more fitting.

Meanwhile, Immigration Minister Damian Green was wheeled out to assert with a completely straight face that Theresa was absolutely right. Unfortunately for Mr Clarke, when discussing the Human Rights Act it doesn’t pay to talk sense. It’s much better to quote, almost verbatim, a misleading 2008 headline from the Daily Mail and then assure your audience that you’re “not making this up.”

Nonsense attacks on the Human Rights Act are not new. While still in power senior members of the Labour Party could often be heard to rail against it as if it was the worst piece of legislation since the Nuremberg Laws - all the more surprising because it was Labour who introduced it.

In 2008, then Justice Secretary Jack Straw told the Daily Mail that he had sympathy with a common view that the Act is a “villain’s charter”. He was “frustrated” with a “very few” judicial decisions which had created this impression. Why then undermine the whole Act by expressing sympathy with a view which is plainly wrong? What piece of legislation is not misinterpreted and misapplied on occasion? If he had been honest he would have said this:

“The Human Rights Act is not perfect but on the whole we are proud that we introduced it. It has made government more accountable and it has saved expense by ensuring that cases involving human rights can now be dealt with in UK courts rather than having to go directly to Strasbourg. The Daily Mail and other tabloids knowingly misrepresent the facts because doing so sells papers.”

Admittedly, that would have been pretty strong for a Secretary of State, but you get the gist. Instead, he pandered to the tabloids and fanned the flames of falsehood for political gain.

So the denigration of the Act is not new, but the blatancy of the untruth used to support the Home Secretary’s attack is. If it was not intentional, it was incompetent. She either does not bother to check the facts that form the basis of her policy arguments, or she is incapable of understanding short and relatively straightforward legal judgements. Yet she has been given the full support of the Prime Minister and the government, while Mr Clarke may well get the chop for committing the unpardonable sin of stating the truth.

Mr Cameron is right. Britain is broken.







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# JARROW MARCHES.

GIVE US JOBS!  
JACK UNSWORTH.

There’s always one who keeps the revolution waiting and, as I was running five minutes late to meet the marchers on a drizzly Thursday morning in mid October, I was worried it would be me.

Fortunately I was not the last one to arrive, and so began my small part in the **2011 Jarrow March for Jobs** which, over five weeks, would travel from Jarrow in the North-East to London, a march of 330 miles.

My decision to join the march had been spur of the moment. I first heard of them on the day they arrived in Sheffield on 12th October. I went along to show support as they had a rally in the rain in the city, and by the evening I had decided to join them for a few days of their journey. After an initial struggle with the snooze button on my alarm clock, my rush to get to the rendezvous meant my legs already ached.

The march was inspired by the Jarrow Crusade of 1936, when 200 men of Jarrow walked to London during the depression with a petition for more jobs to be created in areas where the industry was failing. 75 years later, people marched again, this time with an emphasis on youth unemployment and the cuts that the government tell us are necessary.

This Jarrow March has five key demands: a ‘massive government scheme to create jobs’ and apprenticeships; reinstatement of Education Maintenance Allowance (EMA) payments; the re-opening of youth services; the scrapping of workfare schemes, which force unpaid work on the unemployed; and a massive building programme of social housing. Implicit in this is the need to pay for it all, which could be done if the ultra rich paid the taxes that they reasonably should and if banks did not get bailed out with so much taxpayers’ money. Having no job myself, it made complete sense that I should show my support.

The day that I met them was relevant, as it was the day that the new figures for unemployment revealed that about a million young people are now jobless in the UK, the highest ever recorded. The media were suddenly a lot more interested in the march. Also, my final day with them, on the Saturday, was the day that the Occupy movement went global, as people joined protests against inequality of wealth and opportunity that have been inspired by the Occupy Wall Street demo. The march seemed to me such a relevant a part of this.

The walking was gruelling, but spirits remained high, thanks mainly to the people who would toot their horns in support as they drove past, the people who we met along the way, groups providing food or cups of tea for us and of course those who gave us somewhere to sleep each night. There was a sense of the left coming together to support us, and even New Labour MPs came out to support us, although I wonder if it was just to boost their own image.

The strangest moment for me was marching into Chesterfield, when we were met by local unions and the Labour Party, bringing their own banners to add to our own as we marched on to a rally in the town centre. But a Labour Party van drove alongside us playing such cheerful pop songs as Kool and the Gang’s ‘Celebration’, which seemed slightly inappropriate for a march about youth unemployment.

One of the best moments was the Saturday, when we marched into Nottingham centre. We were joined for the last mile by many locals with banners of their own, boosting our numbers. After some speeches, some UK Uncut people led a march upon shops that were owned by tax dodgers, and I eagerly joined them, chanting for Vodafone, Topshop, BHS and others to pay their tax. The protesters were very polite and we all made way for customers to enter or leave. There was something absurdly British about this blend of politeness and angry demands. Outside each venue, we were given a speech about how the owners of each establishment have dodged however many millions or billions of tax that could have gone to our NHS or schools, say.

Finally, outside a Natwest which had managed to lock most of us out, we were told how much the taxpayer has had to bail them out. Chants of “We are the 99%” began, bringing the Occupy Wall Street movement to Nottingham on a day that this same chant spread across the world, with an estimated 1,500 cities globally joining in. The air became charged.

Then to the main square where people sat, joining the now-global Occupy movement, sharing ideas and a communal megaphone to make speeches. One passer-by with a mullet shouted at us to “get a job, you lazy twats!” so I took the megaphone and asked him if he thinks this recent trend of mass laziness has caused the recession, or if it is just a coincidence that they both came at the same time. People cheered and I wondered why I hadn’t ever done this activism thing before.

The next day, I passed through the main square, where protestors were still camped out in solidarity with the Occupy movement. After I had coffee with them, I headed home. On the way to the train station, I passed through the same shopping centre that the Uncut people had been yesterday, and there was a church service happening for a congregation whose church was being refurbished. BHS did not call security on this (as they had done with us), and as they sang a poppy, guitar-driven version of ‘Amazing Grace’, a song with words that encourage the singer to feel helpless and wretched, I felt like I had woken from a dream into a nightmare of a church of consumerism.

Meanwhile, the march continued into the heart of the county. The oldest marcher, Peter, now retired, said to me one day: “Why am I doing this? The struggle. You’ve always got to struggle. I’ve fought all my life and I’ll keep on fighting.”

The march arrives in London on 5th November and I will go and join them again. If you see them pass you before then, please show your support for these people who really care about our country.







# SACRED ART.

SUPREME REALITIES.

JONNY DRURY.

**“Here in the West the nature of the world was traditionally understood with developing symbolic geometry in philosophy and art. In the ancient world architecture, music, astronomy and divination were based on a unified code of number and proportion which represented the objective foundation pattern of the universe.” - John Michell, 1997**

One of the current age's great downfalls is a misconstrued individualism supported by the 'information age'. Inflated egos and serious anti-knowledge, in the form of instantly disseminated garbled rubbish and mechanically repeated half-truths veiled as opinion, feed capitalist and consumerist ideologies, suffocating real creative thinking and genuine sacred values, which are universal and eternal. Much of the disasters we face in the modern world are because of our pathetic, often virtual versions of freedom and our over-empirical mind-sets. We discard our great traditions of which many are the Houses of our ancient Sacred Ways. In our increasingly perverse clambering for proof that we exist, perilously ignoring we are part spirit anyway, we are in danger of forgetting the supreme realities within the earth's sacred arts and cultures.

But a little effort studying and working with universal laws and sacred arts can bring rapid changes for the ordinary guy. True creative knowledge and increased intuition (not information) is achieved with a little bit of understanding of the basic structure of the universe and the appreciation of that most elusive and misrepresented of qualities; beauty. In sacred art, beauty is an aspect of the real and not part of an aestheticism whose outlines are purely subjective.

The revealed sacred visual arts such as mandalas, arabesque, symbolism, the Golden Mean, labyrinths, fractals and spirals are expressed in a myriad of traditions and cultures through their arts and architecture. With the right methodology, their inherent universal principles can be translated into natural, workable values such as harmony, cohesion, empathy, gratitude, humility and joy. Quite simply, the bigger picture becomes clearer when we study the created universe through the adornment of sacred forms. Our own beings begin to harmonise with what are essentially divine qualities. In sacred art, process and product are one and in our participation, self becomes a verb and we rise to become yet truer creators.

The universe is reflected through the pure forms and dynamic equilibriums of sacred geometry and art. Through integration and self-reflection, we can literally gain structural insight into the workings of the inner self, thereby attaining spiritual wholeness. Without some working knowledge of the spirit in all things, we are doomed to eternal earthly entrapment.

The principles found in Sacred Art can be a Swiss Army knife of living, perhaps creatively addressing what can even be life or death issues for us and our communities. Surprisingly to many, one of the best sacred traditions embodying the nature of the universe through its art is Islam. Islamic art is very clear in demonstrating deep universal principles, with its emphasis on harmony of form borrowed from nature and the artistic implementation of mathematics and various sciences. Like human nature, it is organic and at the same time precise. In Islam's most inward dimension, its esotericism, art plays an inextricable role. The ultimate and common object of both love and beauty is seen as none other than the Divine Beauty. Since beauty is an aspect of reality, contemplative art is therefore knowledge. Yet in our upside-down world, the very mention of the word 'Islam' in many circles creates instant discomfort and even confusion. As we know, Islam means 'peace and unity', and this manifest world is not at peace.

Embedded deep in our psyche lies a dangerous irony which is constantly reinforced, largely through our connection to world events through the dissemination of enmity by the media. We even gaze entertained as corrupted elements of government fight for global unity with their so-called enemy, who has an apparently increasing stockpile of warped values masquerading as religious. Meanwhile we float gently away from the sanctified source of deeper understanding and thus microcosmically, our own personal evolution and unification.

Jonathan Drury was born in Sheffield. He is an artist-educator with a background in art and design, personal development, world religions and education spanning 20 years. He designs and facilitates creative development programmes for schools, community groups and private coaching. He has travelled through the Middle and Near East, researching sacred art.

[sacredart.org.uk](http://sacredart.org.uk)

I quite like Simon. He is like the school teacher that would pull you aside after class and list, for an hour, every bad aspect of your personality and why you will never get anywhere while you nod and pretend to listen while thinking about how tight Sally Watts jeans were that day and wishing you were at home playing Choplifter on the family's new Amstrad.

I worked with Simon for a while at a branding agency. He was employed to bring in new clients yet somehow managed to be there for several months without bringing in a single one before leaving to pursue his own projects. The lack of new clients may possibly be attributed to his being too busy writing angry emails to other employees such as “When I worked at Olgilvy in Hong Kong, everyone called me Mr Edhouse and said that I was doing a great job. Not once did the secretary there call me a wanker or have her grotty old g-strings poking out the top of her fat arse everyday making me feel ill,” which I found much more entertaining than having to do the work new clients would have entailed.

From: Simon Edhouse  
To: David Thorne

Hello David,

I would like to catch up as I am working on a really exciting project at the moment and need a logo designed. Basically something representing peer to peer networking. I have to have something to show prospective clients this week so would you be able to pull something together in the next few days? I will also need a couple of pie charts done for a 1 page website. If the deal goes ahead there will be some good money in it for you.

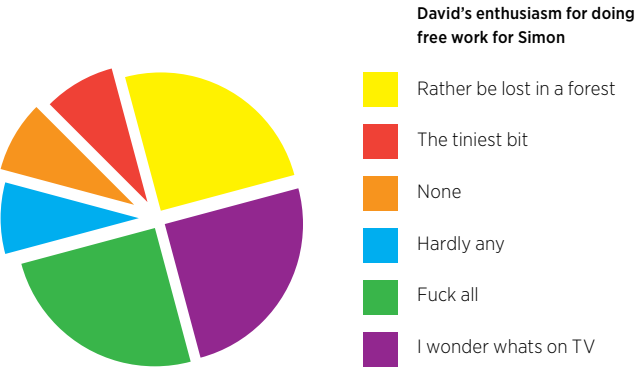
Simon

From: David Thorne  
To: Simon Edhouse

Dear Simon,

Disregarding the fact that you have still not paid me for work I completed earlier this year despite several assertions that you would do so, I would be delighted to spend my free time creating logos and pie charts for you based on further vague promises of future possible payment. Please find attached pie chart as requested and let me know of any changes required.

Regards, David.



From: Simon Edhouse  
To: David Thorne

Is that supposed to be a fucking joke? I told you the previous projects did not go ahead. I invested a lot more time and energy in those projects than you did. If you put as much energy into the projects as you do being a dickhead you would be a lot more successful.

From: David Thorne  
To: Simon Edhouse

Dear Simon,

You are correct and I apologise. Your last project was actually both commercially viable and original. Unfortunately the part that was commercially viable was not original, and the part that was original was not commercially viable.

I would no doubt find your ideas more ‘cutting edge’ and original if I had traveled forward in time from the 1950s, but as it stands your ideas for technology based projects that have already been put into application by other people several years before you thought of them fail to generate the enthusiasm they possibly deserve. Having said that though, if I had traveled forward in time, my time machine would probably put your peer to peer networking technology to shame as not only would it have commercial viability, but also an awesome logo and accompanying pie charts.

Regardless, I have, as requested, attached a logo that represents not only the peer to peer networking project you are currently working on, but working with you in general.

Regards, David.



From: Simon Edhouse  
To: David Thorne

You just crossed the line. You have no idea about the potential this project has. The technology allows users to network peer to peer, add contacts, share information and is potentially worth many millions of dollars and your short sightedness just cost you any chance of being involved.

From: David Thorne  
To: Simon Edhouse

Dear Simon,

So you have invented Twitter. Congratulations. This is where that time machine would definitely have come in quite handy.

When I was about twelve, I read that time slows down when approaching the speed of light so I constructed a time machine by securing my father's portable generator to the back of my mini-bike with rope and attaching the drive belt to the back wheel. Unfortunately, instead of traveling through time and finding myself in the future, I traveled about fifty metres along the footpath at 200mph before finding myself in a bush. When asked by the nurse filling out the hospital accident report “Cause of accident?” I stated ‘time travel attempt’ but she wrote down ‘stupidity’.

If I did have a working time machine, the first thing I would do is go back four days and tell myself to read the warning on the hair removal cream packaging where it recommends not using on sensitive areas.

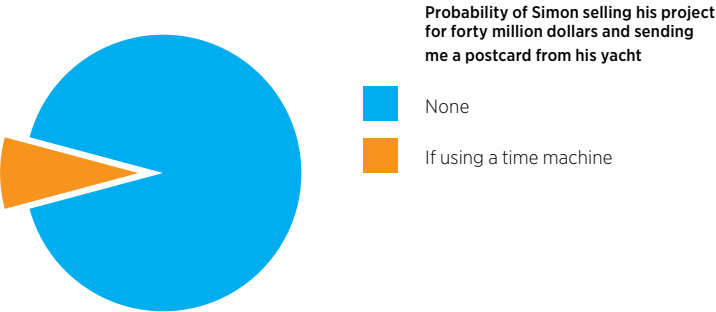
I would then travel several months back to warn myself against agreeing to do copious amounts of design work for an old man wielding the business plan equivalent of a retarded child poking itself in the eye with a spoon, before finally traveling back to 1982 and explaining to myself the long term photographic repercussions of going to the hairdresser and asking for a haircut exactly like Simon LeBon's the day before a large family gathering.

Regards, David.

From: Simon Edhouse  
To: David Thorne

You really are a fucking idiot and have no idea what you are talking about. The project I am working on will be more successful than Twitter within a year. When I sell the project for 40 million dollars I will ignore any emails from you begging to be a part of it and will send you a postcard from my yacht. Ciao.

From: David Thorne  
To: Simon Edhouse



From: Simon Edhouse  
To: David Thorne

Anyone else would be able to see the opportunity I am presenting but not you. You have to be a fucking smart arse about it. All I was asking for was a logo and a few pie charts which would have taken you a few fucking hours.

From: David Thorne  
To: Simon Edhouse

Dear Simon

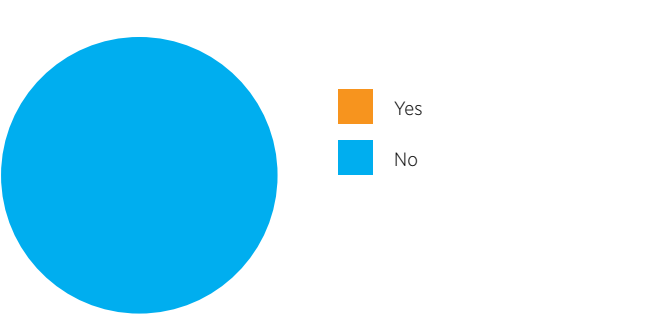
Actually, you were asking me to design a logotype which would have taken me a few hours and fifteen years’ experience. For free. With pie charts. Usually when people don't ask me to design them a logo, pie charts or website, I, in return, do not ask them to paint my apartment, drive me to the airport, represent me in court or whatever it is they do for a living. Unfortunately though, as your business model consists entirely of “Facebook is cool, I am going to make a website just like that”, this non exchange of free services has no foundation as you offer nothing of which I won't ask for.

Regards, David.

From: Simon Edhouse  
To: David Thorne

What the fuck is your point? Are you going to do the logo and charts for me or not?

From: David Thorne  
To: Simon Edhouse



From: Simon Edhouse  
To: David Thorne

Do not ever email me again.

From: David Thorne  
To: Simon Edhouse

Ok. Good luck with your project. If you need anything let me know.

Regards, David.

From: Simon Edhouse  
To: David Thorne

Get fucked.



# FOOD.

OFFALLY GOOD...

CASSIE KILL.

## Meat has many drawbacks. It's expensive, it's often unethically produced and it's bad for the environment.

But for many of us food lovers its range of flavours and textures is impossible to sacrifice. In the current economic climate, and with climate change ever more pressing, why not learn to love the more unusual parts of the beast?

What we generally know as 'meat' is merely the muscle holding the bones together. Offal takes its name from the phrase 'off-fall' - the bits of the animal that fall away when it's butchered. Its counterpart is properly called 'pluck' - the internal organs you have to pull away. In combination, this includes the heart, lungs, liver and kidneys, but the term 'offal' is often used to refer to anything other than the layer of skeletal muscle. While we might squirm at the idea of eating a brain or testicle, we may well have eaten intestinal casings and ground offal in sausages hundreds of times over without a second thought.

The Food Standards Agency Food Labelling Regulations 2003 forbid retailers from describing anything other than 'skeletal muscle with naturally included or adherent fat and connective tissues' as meat. Since the BSE crisis and more recent concerns about bird flu, it is understandable that people want to know what they're eating, but I suggest that this should drive us to eat well produced animals, rather than limiting our consumption to particular cuts.

Sadly, many modern reference books describe offal as the 'waste parts' of the creature. In Britain, we haven't always turned our noses up at offal as we do now. Until the post-war era, offal was used in many popular dishes. Liver and kidneys were frequently used as ingredients in many traditional British meals, and tripe was particularly common in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

It still seems commonplace in many countries with less gratuitous wealth than ours to make the most of the slaughtering of an animal by using every edible morsel. The knowledge of how to cook these parts well goes hand-in-hand with a need for thriftiness and an understanding of the farming process; that calorie for calorie, producing an animal is far less efficient than arable faming. Nevertheless, cultivating animals makes use of plant and vegetable waste that humans can't digest and can provide an excellent source of protein. Disposing of even a tiny bit is a foolish waste of a highly valuable resource.

With the economic downturn, British consumers are more concerned about thriftiness once again, and many now understand that the contents of their shopping basket also affect the environment. Belief in the value of locally produced goods and craft foods has led to an increase in British artisan produce and farmers' markets. Happily, it seems these factors might be starting a resurgence in the use of more parts of the animal and a confidence in their production values. There are certainly a number of celebrity chefs and highbrow London restaurants that advocate the use of trotter, cheek and tripe.

I'd argue that if the increased popularity of offal remains the preserve of foodies and the upper middle classes, society is missing a trick. Organs like liver and kidney are low in fat and high in essential nutrients, often at a fraction of the cost of chicken breast and steak. Whilst some parts such as heart can take quite some time and effort to prepare well, liver can be chucked into a stir fry very easily. The relatively low cost means that it's much more affordable to buy locally sourced, properly reared animals. Surely these meats provide an opportunity for those on a limited budget to eat high quality, healthy cuts of the animal?

In addition to the cost and health benefits of buying unusual cuts and organs, offal has a great deal to offer in terms of adding variety to your cooking. Many people use chicken giblets to add flavour to gravy, precisely because the internal parts of the animal contribute rich and complex tastes. The only reason offal isn't more frequently used is because people feel awkward about where it comes from. We need to get over this squeamishness. Any meat is a dead animal and if you feel uncomfortable with that, you shouldn't be eating it at all.



## SAUSAGE & LENTIL HOTPOT.

By Phill James.

As we come into the colder seasons, I find warming one-pot dishes to be just the ticket huddled around the fire with a glass of wine. I like mine quite spicy but leave out the chilli if you want. Make sure you get proper nice sausages. Serves 4.

### Ingredients:

**8 quality pork sausages (hickory smoked work brilliantly, as do nice Cumberlands.)**  
**2 onions or 6 shallots**  
**A small, peeled and cubed butternut squash (or half a bigger one)**  
**200g lentils**  
**650-700ml chicken stock**  
**50ml red wine**  
**2 fresh tomatoes (roughly chopped)**  
**A chilli, diced with seeds removed**  
**Olive oil or butter**  
**Henderson's Relish**  
**Parsley**

Pre-heat the oven to 220°C (gas mark 7). Put the sausages in a roasting tin and cook for around 20 minutes until nicely browned. At the same time, heat the oil or butter in a large casserole dish and cook the onions until they start to soften. Add the cubed squash and the chilli and stir for another 30 seconds or so. Then add the lentils, stock and wine. Stir well and apply a generous helping of Henderson's Relish.

Take the sausages from the oven and place them low down in the casserole dish. Throw in the tomatoes and bring to the boil. Cover the dish and reduce the heat to simmer slowly. Leave it there for at least 45 minutes until everything is cooked through and the liquid has been absorbed. You can't overcook this dish and it tastes even better reheated, so don't worry if it takes longer. If it's too runny, throw in a bit of cornflour to thicken the sauce. Season well and serve with parsley and hunks of bread.



## LAMB SHANK SHEPHERD'S PIE.

Courtesy of The Wick at Both Ends, West St.

There aren't many meals as satisfying as Shepherd's Pie. You can use mince to save on prep time, but you will lose a huge amount of flavour and aroma. It's seems a lot of bother, but the flavours of the slow cooked lamb and stock more than make up for a long cooking time. Serves 6.

### Ingredients:

**2kg of lamb shanks**  
**2 pints of stout**  
**2 large onions**  
**4 large carrots**  
**1 bulb of garlic**  
**1 pint of beef stock**  
**6-8 good-sized floury potatoes**  
**2 tbsps of clear honey**  
**1 small handful of parsley**  
**1 large bunch of rosemary**  
**Butter**  
**Salt and pepper**

Stand the lamb in a deep roasting tray with bones sticking up. Add one onion cut into rough wedges, the garlic cloves (separated but with skin), two-thirds of the rosemary, the stout and the stock. Season well. Cover with foil, making sure there are no tears and place in the middle of the oven at 160°C. Cook until the bones pull easily out of the meat (4-5 hours).

Check once an hour. When the shanks are cooked, drain on a rack, allow to cool and remove skin, bones and gristle. Keep the stock and garlic for the pie mix. Make a mash however you prefer. While hot, add butter and season well.

Dice your other onion and one large carrot. Soften over a medium heat in a large, deep pan. Squeeze in some of the garlic cloves and add the meat. Cook for 2-3 minutes then add a good ladle of the stock. Cook for another ten minutes until the liquid is reduced to a thick gravy. Lay the meat in the bottom of a large, deep ovenproof dish with a slotted spoon. You want the mix juicy but not too wet. Add more gravy if required. Add the mash and spread evenly on top. Place in the oven on 180°C and cook for 20 minutes.

Cut your remaining carrots into batons, par boil and add a pinch of salt. Drain. Place on a baking tray and add some oil and seasoning. Roast for 20 minutes next to the pie. After 10 minutes, coat in honey.

Turn the grill on to high. Add melted butter to the top of the pie and grill until golden brown. Add chopped parsley to carrots. Serve yourself a large portion and demolish.



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# WORDLIFE.

COLLATED BY JOE KRISS.

Prose piece from local author Rachel Genn here. A copy of her novel popped through our door last month and it's a great read. We'd highly recommend you picking one up. As ever, please send any prose or poetry submissions to [joe@nowthenmagazine.com](mailto:joe@nowthenmagazine.com).

## NEWS AND EVENTS.

### OPUS PRESENTS UPSTAIRS/DOWNSTAIRS.

**12<sup>th</sup> November (7pm).**  
**The Riverside.**  
**Free Entry.**

This is the second event of our new series at The Riverside, featuring the likes of the Mercury Music Prize nominated band Portico Quartet and local outfit 7 Black Tentacles downstairs, with Word Life hosting upstairs with a performance by Phantom Dog, an open mic poetry session and more to be confirmed. Portico Quartet alone are charging over £15 for shows across the country, but this is a free show at one of Sheffield's best pubs. Get down early.

### WORD LIFE VS OPUS ACOUSTICS.

**1<sup>st</sup> December (7pm).**  
**The Riverside.**  
**Free Entry.**

Word Life will be taking over one of the regular Opus Acoustics Thursday slots with an open mic session and some special guests from further afield. More TBC.

### GOSSIPY GOB AND OTHER SHEFFIELD POEMS.

Long gone local institutions like Firvale's Sunbeam Cinema, Redgate's toy shop and Coles Corner have inspired a new collection of Sheffield poetry that has just been unveiled in the city. The ten verses and accompanying photos of old Sheffield are part of The Moor's multi-million pound regeneration drive as it counts down to work starting on its new markets building.

The Gossipy Gob and Other Sheffield Poems collection was created by award-winning local writer Michael Glover. Standing over six and a half foot high, the poems adorn hoardings that surround one side of the site earmarked for the new markets building along the Earl Street. Michael Glover is a successful poet, art critic for The Independent and editor of international poetry forum The Bow-Wow Shop.

### EUGENE ON SITE. An excerpt from the novel The Cure.

Eugene went into the toilets behind the office and sat down to roll a fag to try to cure his ill-feeling. He looked around the walls and squinted: along with graffiti, the chipboard seemed to be covered with tiny grey bouquets. He went up closer and saw they were not flowers but bunches of pencilled numbers. Individual records of how much had been earned, written here in the bog in private. Day-rate posies. It made him smile as he finished his fag. Nobody liked to look like a grabber.

Close to noon, Eugene found himself crushed with awkwardness, crossing the yard in front of the cabin, joining a stream of workers who made up the first sitting of lunchtime eaters. Reluctantly, he headed into the cabin.

The air was steamy and held the mild spice of sausage but, further in, was sharpened by a pickled tang. There was a ragged bunch of men, in the main white but between them some darker faces, bad teeth, flatter noses, scarred hands. A man playing chess was sitting in the steam wearing what seemed to Eugene to be a woman's fur coat. They played backgammon and dominoes, ate huge discs of cerise sausage and smaller, thicker slices like dark brown poker chips. Some men had tubs, lids stiffly opening on to lumps of intense-smelling grey pork and whole small cucumbers. One man, with a wide black face, ate a dried flat fish like a biscuit. The snap of the bite, the nerves and the smell of everything at once turned Eugene's stomach.

He saw Buck and instinctively walked up to him. Buck was talking to one of the men and, without looking away from him, put his arm around Eugene. Buck squeezed, let go and started the rounds. Eugene followed, swallowing hard, flooded with feeling. On introduction, some of the men stood, some bowed, some hailed Buck as 'Very great boss!' Buck ran through the names quickly, as if threading beads: Ali-Aristotle-Sokol-Fernando-Agi-Illian-Vitus-Roland-Uris-Mario-Haji-Beni. Eugene wanted his own name to sit snugly on the string and tried to push the part of his brain that looked forward into feeling part of this easy flow. For now, others' comfort was teasing: all around him and yet out of his reach. He just wanted to be known, to sit and laugh at their jokes, have a smoke and play cards. Buck left him to eat; he didn't know that Eugene never ate in front of strangers.

If only he could fit into a game, a structure, stop sticking out. He stared at the card-players and tried to decipher what the game was from their movements but became mesmerized by a goat this time, slung round the neck of a fresh-faced lad on a card; the festoons around the edge were acorns. The players were still the same: Uri and Babe? Eugene wondered again if he had heard right.

Jack was also at the card table, trying to eat the sandwiches he'd made that morning. Eugene went up to the table and sat down. Immediately, Babe offered his hand and smiled, showing teeth the colour of toffee. Eugene smiled back and his lips clamped closed as if he felt the wind whistle through the brown-ringed holes between each of Babe's teeth.

'Hello again,' Babe said. 'You may call me Babe.' He winked and continued with the game.

'And you-may-call-me-Babe is fucked because Noble is looking for him,' chuckled Uri.

'I was watching your game. Earlier.'

'Uri is always early. He has the rhythms of prison. But I am early because I am wise with my time.'

Uri narrowed his eyes at Eugene, then guffawed and soon enough they were acting as if Eugene had always been there. It made him feel better, so he asked Uri, 'Why d'you call him Babe?'

'It's Fidil, really,' began Uri, and Babe tried to explain but Uri put his hand over Babe's mouth and whispered that little Fidil had undergone massive changes. Babe pulled the big paw away and, between them, they explained that Fidil had once sensibly led to Fiddler (he played) but had taken a wrong turn into Kiddy Fiddler (he didn't), expanding wildly into 'Kiddy Fiddler on the Roof' for a couple of days before leaping to Babe.

'And now, finally, I like it!'

'And Noble, is that his real name?'

'Buck and Deirdre very pissed when he was born, eh, Jack?' said Babe.

'Aye, Noble's the boss all right,' Jack piped up, his mouth full.

'I thought Buck ran this job.'

'Buck backs down to his wonderful son.'

'He doesn't seem like that kind of a fella.' Eugene was disappointed. He already loved Buck.

'He isn't, but Noble is his own law.'

'Is he that bad?'

Babe lowered his voice: 'Let me say it like this. If you English had a single word for total and utter cunt, I would be using it now.'

Uri had tuned in to the lowered voice. 'Huttercunt?' He was already flicking to H in the fat, fanned book hanging from his tool belt. He was paranoid: prison had given him this gift too, and he nurtured it with high-class stimulants. He thumbed the dictionary constantly as if it contained his old reason.

'Forget it, Uri. Come on, shuffle.'

Uri shuffled the cards and Eugene noticed that half a finger was missing on his right hand. The nub that remained above the big knuckle danced, trying to keep up with the others. On it there was a rough tattoo, not like the others, a shakily filled-in diamond. He offered the cards to Eugene to cut and when he did they all laughed at him.

'Shapku s duraka ne snimayut,' shouted Uri.

Babe saw Eugene's bewildered face and, with his better English, translated: 'One should not take the hat away from a fool. Durak means fool, this is name of game. If you split the pack you are the fool.'

Uri tried to draw him back in, clapped his back, but Eugene wouldn't deal now so Uri pulled open his shirt. On his chest he pointed to a woman sitting astride a missile-shaped penis. 'You know Furtseva? She was my minister of culture. She was like Russia herself, needed a fuck in the ass!'

Eugene looked away from the symbol as the men laughed and Uri pulled his shirt tight round his arms and bent forwards. The cabbage-sized shoulders were covered with perfect pictures of thick, fringed military epaulettes, and he bent down to show a grinning cat on top of each. 'I am laughing off my face at Soviet Union.'

Eugene tried to smile.

**RACHEL GENN.**  
**The Cure** is available from [constablerobinson.com](http://constablerobinson.com)





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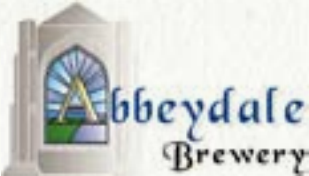
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live

WED 2ND NOV / FUTURESOUND PRESENTS

**SCROOBIUS PIP**

THUR 3RD NOV

**MAVERICK SABRE**

FRI 4TH NOV / HBP PRESENTS

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+ POCKET SATELLITE**

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SAT 5TH NOV / SHEFFIELD MIND PRESENTS

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SUN 6TH NOV / PLUG LIVE PRESENTS AT THE HARLEY

**AIRSHIP**

WED 9TH NOV

**MAGAZINE**

IN FEAR OF OLIVE

FRI 11TH NOV

**VINTAGE TROUBLE**

SAT 12TH NOV / SOUNDCLASH PRESENTS

**THE 48K'S**

WED 16TH NOV

**BATTLES**

WALLS

FRI 18TH NOV

**RED SNAPPER**

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# THEO SIMPSON.

THAT'S A LOT OF PYLONS.

JONES.

More photography this month from local snapper Theo Simpson.

Fresh from running courses in self-publishing, we've managed to tie him down for this month's artist feature. A good chunk of these images have not been published elsewhere.

Theo shoots in series, photos that lead on and add to each other, and we've got a few on offer in this feature.

**Eight** - Documentation of a minor obsession with pylons, their structure and history. A pictorial homage to the structural architect Sir Reginald Blomfield who orchestrated, designed and selected the initial transmission towers for the UK.

**Almost Forgotten** - A set of images taken in Fox Hill, documenting a young man from Hillsborough and his general lack of opportunities, set against one of my favourite bits of inner city Sheffield, Fox Hill.

**What We Buy** - Eight images of utterly banal products that our modern civilisation has chosen to produce that can be purchased for under one pound. Shot in flawlessly sarcastic product photography - more on p. 39.

Photography as an art form has to be approached with the correct intention right from the start - a clear objective and purpose to what needs to be conveyed to the viewer.

This purpose carries through to his beautiful self-published work, printed to the highest quality. The finish is dependent on what suits the project - from the traditional silver gelatine print to offset, letterpress and screenprint - from grime, grain and deliberate dirt to flawless production.

What I like most about Theo's work is that you can generally hear his brain working. Shot with due care and attention, the audience is left to work out their own conclusions along a meticulously constructed path created by the artist.

[theosimpson.com](http://theosimpson.com)









# WHAT WE BUY.

## IN THE AGE OF CONSUMERISM.

### WAYNE FORD.

As the economic downturn continues we encounter dramatic changes in the landscape of our high streets, with both the small independent stores and the larger national chains – those at the very core of our consumer society – closing down under the ever increasing financial pressure. In their place we find pawnshops springing up across the nation, an institution that reflects upon a period of struggle not seen since the great recessions of the early 20th century. Alongside these pawnshops we find pound shops and bargain basement stores, forming our new consumer mecca, each selling a vast and disparate range of products, only connected through their shared price, with everything costing one pound or less.

Theo Simpson's documentation of hundreds of these disparate objects forms his latest body of work, **What We Buy**. As we look at the list of products presented as a series of vivid silkscreen prints – a process that adds to the illusion of the experience, enhancing the objects with both surreal and hyper-real qualities – it reads like a prize list from a low-budget, recession-era TV quiz show: Electronic Insect Terminator, Handbag Hook, Stay Fresh Cheese Bags, 4 Tablecloth Weights, 3 Pack Padlocks, Sex Maniac Dice, Purple Table Decoration and Gnome On Swing Ornament.

As we look at each object presented on a neutral grey background, it is easy to see the function and practical application of many of these purchases. After all, who could not find a use for 4 Gang Socket, a Hand Saw or a Pack of 30 Ball Point pens. Others, possibly the vast majority, such as the Pink Furry Dice, Bee Windmill and Artificial Carrot, leave the viewer a little bemused.

But What We Buy is not just about the function or form of these objects, as interesting as this may be. Instead Simpson presents a timely social commentary, through the use of a visual metaphor, for the ultimate collapse of the consumer culture in which we live, a society in which we accumulate possessions beyond our basic needs. As we look at these objects, we are asked questions of our own consumer habits, through which we may reflect upon how we live our lives, question what is truly important to us as both individuals and as a society in general, and reassess how we might live our lives in a post-consumer world for the benefit of all.

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## IN ORDER OF FEATURE :

p.38:  
Binoculars  
Electronic insect terminator

p.40:  
Steering wheel cover

p.41:  
Silicone controller case

p.42:  
Banana box

### What We Buy.

Die-cut folder screen printed in white and black ink containing eight unbound 4-Colour Process Screen prints w/ offset printed Flysheet.

### Eight.

16 page large format book screen printed with black and grey ink with numbered board in fitted wallet.

[theosimpson.com](http://theosimpson.com)







# SOUND.

THE POLITICS OF HIP-HOP IN DAKAR, SENEGAL.

SAM PARKIN.

**Sam Parkin spent three weeks in Dakar in September this year, conducting researching into the political role of hip-hop in Senegal. He met with professional and amateur rappers, as well as hip-hop fans, to get a holistic understanding of the influence of the genre. He is currently studying International History and Politics at the University of Sheffield.**

“[In] the ‘New Type of Senegalese’, this is proof that they are beginning to have this initiative to have a new type of Senegalese: one who is not throwing papers in the dust in the street; the one who is not urinating in the street; the one who focuses on his own change.”

“They”, in this context, refers to the Y’en a Marre movement that is tearing through Senegalese political life. But the ambition outlined above in fact applies to a whole school of rap that has experienced an unprecedented resurgence in the last few years, and upholds a musical ideology of sorts that was set in motion in the early 1990s by their founding fathers, Positive Black Soul. The New Type of Senegalese (NTS) is an attempt at a mass psychological revolution by a network of Senegalese rappers, invoking the politicised hip-hop that so unsettled American elites when the likes of Public Enemy and KRS-One adopted an overtly political stance.

The Y’en a Marre movement seems to have been formed and driven into towering positions of authority through the gradual crashing together of several underlying cultural-historical tectonic plates. They are direct and uncontrollable responses to the hostile conditions of poverty, neo-colonialism and perceived political failure - all of which re-affirm their necessity.

Central to Senegalese rap’s identity is a commitment to depicting the real life experience of the majority of poor, young men ahead of an imaginary world of bling and material wealth, as the hugely influential Positive Black Soul original member Duggy Tee summarised: “I’m not here to talk about my girls, my cars, my diamond rings... for me there are things that are more important than that”. The more important thing he is referencing concerns depicting reality, not facade. It is to sensitise the young new generation to the political reality in which they operate. Matador also places emphasis on illustrating the realities of poverty in Dakar, and has brought attention to the corruption and inconsistencies in Senegal’s rigid, traditional and hierarchical society in his lyrics. Original Y’en a Marre member Simon confirms this role as ‘truth teller’, arguing that “the basis of the rapper is just to inform people, to tell what happened, to sensitise [the] people”. This process of sensitising and informing society from a point of influence demonstrates an interesting form of ‘communication education’ that is fundamentally political.

Another key way in which rappers are aiding youth education and social development is by getting involved in social projects. Matador is the most obvious example of this. Quite literally rising from rags to riches, he now expresses a profound debt to hip-hop for rescuing his life from abject poverty, and is repaying this in part by raising awareness about the positivity of hip-hop, but crucially through the creation and administration of the thriving Africulturban Centre.

The Africulturban Centre is 1,000 members strong. It not only provides space for artists, but also runs education programmes teaching aspiring artists how to complete the complex application forms for government grants - made more complex by the fact that most applicants are illiterate - and hosting live fundraising events and workshops. He has also started a free hip-hop education scheme, worked with NGOs to teach children in rural areas how to speak new languages, and projects supplying flood relief assistance.

Rappers such as Nigga Fatale and Free Style have worked in prisons and juvenile detention centres, teaching kids how to express themselves better through rap. Nigga Fatale’s involvement was a condition of his recording contract, and Awadi has been continually redirecting his wealth into his recording complex and music business, while also creating an acclaimed hip-hop cultural festival, Senerap International, in 2003.

This pro-active social involvement has led to a feeling in some rappers that they are taking on “the role of the government”. Simon claims on behalf of Y’en a Marre that in enrolling people to vote in elections - 400,000 new voters for the upcoming election in 2012 - they were performing a function that should have been the obligation of the government, while Daara J was enlisted to edit political speeches during the 2000 election and led a successful anti-corruption campaign. Awadi also states that “since 2000, people have accepted that rap has a big role in building democracy and freedom of speech” through speaking out on taboo subjects like maraboutic impunity, silence on the corruption of religion and speaking frankly to people of traditionally higher status.

“You are not supposed ever to tell persons of a higher status - because of age or social position - what you think of them or point out their shortcomings, not even in private. The rappers have broken this taboo because they do not wave for establishment recognition,” explains Xouman of famed 90s rap group Pee Froiss, described by some in the West as a Senegalese Public Enemy. Claims by hip-hop fans that rappers were fundamentally ‘revolutionaries’ were played down by Matador, who countered that they profess no domestic political revolution or alternative vision; they merely seek to explain the truth about their society and inform the masses, furthering democratic development.

Simon, Thiat and Fou Malade seem to be doing little to dispel the notion that rappers are revolutionaries, as the Y’en a Marre movement continues to dictate political opinion. Originating out of a rapper-journalist feud in which both criticised each other for talking without practical action to back it up, the rappers took to the streets and have now galvanised areas of society as varied as marabouts and bankers against the government. This ultimately culminated in the regionally remarkable 23rd June riots this year, after which President Wade was unable to carry through his infamous legislative ambition of amending the constitution to allow him to run for a third term - the original source of the protests. The violent action of Y’en a Marre has proved divisive with Awadi, Duggy Tee and Nigga Fatale, who are all reluctant to condone their methods, but no-one I spoke to doubted the legitimacy of their goals.

Moreover, a continental political vision is an entirely different lyrical area that is focussed on by Awadi, Duggy Tee and Simon. Along with Awadi’s examination of the colonial legacy and post-colonial pan-African politics in his documentary **Presidents D’Afrique**, and explaining the ways in which the French still play a role in Senegalese domestic politics, Y’en a Marre also has continental ambitions. Simon explained that similar movements were also cropping up in other West African countries. Music is generally accepted as a vital means to inform and unify people throughout Africa.

The ways that Senegalese rappers now form a central role in societal development - and have subsequently asserted themselves in business, voluntary projects, mass protest and political polemics - seems remarkable, if only for the plight of anything comparable in our own country. This difference in attitude towards the role of music in society is underlined by the passivity of British musicians and rappers on contentious events such as the expenses scandal, the phone-hacking scandal and banking crisis. Many journalists have talked about the ‘death of the protest song’ in Britain, and my experience in Senegal made clear that those journalists are in many ways correct. Maybe we can learn something from the Senegalese rappers currently co-ordinating political change in their country.





LIVE.

GHOSTPOET / OPUS ACOUSTICS.

TINNITUS 30 / ARTERY.

## GHOSTPOET.

8<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER.  
HARLEY.

REVIEWER – BEN ECKERSLEY.

Sheffield gig promoters need to work together more often. Drowned in Sound and X Ray Horse presented a perfect storm of eclectic bookings and musical innovation, perfectly crowned by typically genre-busting DJ sets from X Ray DJs along with regular collaborator Zxodiac (f.k.a. Baronvonbadd). There was so much music that much of it can only get a sentence or two (sorry).

Blood Sport are young, noisy and fun. They play 'agro-beat'. Yes, that's afrobeat, but with more aggression. I especially enjoyed hearing that The Audacious Art Experiment have released their debut on a cassette tape. Go see. Next up was Hourglass Sea, a producer from Bradford. I'd heard his music described as chillwave; I'd call it the happiest trip hop I've heard in a while. There's an enormous sense of scale to it. Deep, heavy synths are overlaid with live guitar pumping out non-stop power solos. This music could soundtrack any 80s movie montage you care to mention.

Breton are from South London (not France) and make music that's not far from the style of Dutch Uncles or Gallops – heavy on riffs and layers of detail, but with a large electronic component that adds an extra level of bassy psychedelia. They are a perplexing band, who brought guitars and drums on stage but hardly played them at all. Instead, beats were created with drum pads, and they played trigger pads like keyboards. Performing in near darkness, with faces hidden by hoods, they seemed like they were making every effort to straddle the very thin line between being a traditional live act and being a purely electronic act. Despite all this oddness, they made music that was both cerebral and moving, and a real joy to experience.

Despite all this great music, the capacity audience were clearly all here to see Ghostpoet. With a Mercury Prize nomination already under his belt, it's clear he's going a long way. I'm pretty certain he won't be appearing in a venue this size again any time soon.

He performed with a live guitarist and drummer. The sound at the start was unexpectedly psychedelic, with the guitarist producing pedal-heavy riffs drenched in reverb and delay to create something hugely beautiful and uplifting. The drummer's beats were in no way what I'd call classic hip hop, featuring a heavy swing on the ride cymbal, fluid toms and lacking a clear 4/4 beat. If anything, I'd say it shimmered. The jazz influences present (though not obvious on the album) really came to the fore. Meanwhile, 'Lines' descended into an unexpected level of Squarepusher-esque electronic anarchy.

Ghostpoet himself is a charismatic yet humble performer (the contrast with Jehst's histrionics at Tramlines this summer was palpable) with the appearance and manner of a wandering preacher, delivering slow, storytelling raps with a beautifully melodic cadence to his voice. He reminded me of an itinerant Maxi Jazz, creating an urban soundtrack to 'On The Road'. 'Survive It' picked up the energy to become a huge singalong. He's achieved something that very few other hip hop artists have managed: a completely unique yet totally accessible sound. I can't wait to hear what he does next.

## OPUS ACOUSTICS.

6<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER.  
RIVERSIDE.

REVIEWER – JACK UNSWORTH.

At the Riverside on 6th October, two singers sang. Despite the autumn rain outside, we all came and were captured by the songs that were sung.

Rachael Dadd played first, opening with the spellbinding 'Elephants Swimming'. There was a point when I was actually looking around the room for the other instrument I could hear, unwilling to believe that so luscious a sound could come from just one classical guitar and one human voice. Her fingers played delicately, making both the guitar and ukulele sound like an orchestra harp. Her voice was sensuous, natural and sweet. Best of all, her songwriting is extraordinary, with dream-like melodies that lift and rise dynamically out of complex guitar parts, while her lyrics paint pictures that seem so sincere, almost magical and otherworldly.

With jingle bells around her ankles, she bobbed and danced to her songs, seemingly as high on the music as the rest of us were. It moved from powerful to playful and back again whenever she willed it and the whole pub got carried with her.

Liz Green must have played easier gigs when not following such a great act, but she successfully took hold of the atmosphere and made it her own. To start her set, she stood before the talking crowds and, away from the microphone, sang an a cappella song that wove a story. Everyone fell silent. Her voice was powerful with a slight vulnerability. Her style seemed to float ethereally between New Orleans and Paris of the 1930s, and best of all her songs told visual stories.

With great stage presence, she bantered and joked, almost as though she wasn't about to enchant us with each song. Before one song, she delighted us all with a flipbook of pictures of the characters she had created, and for the next she wore a strange bird mask, making me feel like I was in the (original) Wicker Man film, but in a good way. All this increased my enjoyment of the songs, creating a set that seemed out of place in any era, but utterly complete and whole.

To cut a long story short, these two sirens I saw that cold night transformed me into the kind of reviewer who can't think of anything bad to say, and this is embarrassing for me if I want more work. The best I can do is to complain about the weather.

## TINNITUS 30.

21<sup>ST</sup> OCTOBER.  
DLS.

REVIEWER - GORDON BARKER.

Tinnitus have been Sheffield's finest purveyors of hard underground music for over five years. Bringing greats on the scene such as Murderbot, Dr Bastardo, Eraserhead and many others, their line-ups have always been solid and on occasion very impressive. Their latest night, celebrating the 30th Tinnitus party, took place at DLS and with this line-up they certainly didn't disappoint.

Warming up as you walked into the live room was Tinnitus' own Sinista Tek, whose set mainly comprised of first wave nu-metal tracks from all the classics - System of a Down, Disturbed and so on. This made me cringe at first - the word "really?" was uttered a few times - but after a couple of tracks I was genuinely enjoying hearing these lost guilty childish pleasures out loud again.

To the left hand side of Sinista Tek there was a strange looking box covered in lights, indefinable knobs and faders with wires spilling out all over the place. I didn't pay much attention to this as I genuinely thought it was just a stage prop. Sinista Tek then grabbed someone's attention from across the stage and pointed at the box. Headcleaner entered. Barely acknowledging the crowd, he stepped up to the box and as the last tune faded out he kicked the contraption into life. This stuff was bizarre - very hard acid techno, constantly moving arpeggiators and solid 808 kicks, whirls of bleeps and squeals, all with a very harsh, industrial tone. These noises were all created and sequenced live on the homemade contraption. The faster sections were messy and quite convoluted, but the half-time sections and dronescapes he created were amazing. It was fascinating to watch what he did and imagine how bloody long it's taken him to get to this stage.

Drumcorps is the moniker used by the mammoth Aaron Spectre when he wields a guitar, twisting hardcore and metal samples into his brand of vicious breakcore. With a guitar, two keyboards and an array of foot switches, he hardly looked at (let alone touched) his computer. He brought a huge energy into the room, switching from older classics like 'Alien Vs. Rodigan' to his newer, more guitar-orientated works almost instantaneously. Only stopping briefly to show his admiration for the crowd and the promoters, the man was totally in his own world when on stage.

With the live performances wrapped up shortly after midnight, there was still a good six hours of the night ahead of us. This was filled with a strong DJ line-up typical of Tinnitus, including Squire of Gothos, MacheeeN Boi and Distorted Panda spread across three rooms. This was an amazing showcase of what Tinnitus can be, providing a live introduction with prominent figures and continuing into the early morning with equally impressive DJ sets. Here's to the next 30.

## ARTERY.

15<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER.  
CORPORATION.

REVIEWER - TOBY WILLIAMS.

Tonight the support act for Sheffield legends Artery were The Silent Age, a band that could easily be described as synthpop, but that doesn't have to be a bad thing. It takes skill, humour and possibly foppish hats to do it well and this band have all these things. Taking inspiration from 80s synth and new wave, they are a band perfect for the kind of dancing that works well in strobe lighting while never coming across as vacuous or lacking in ideas.

A series of well constructed tracks follow, the highlight for me being 'Forever', which reminded me of the (mostly) defunct goth/electro acts of the early 90s like London After Midnight. Lead vocalist Leon Owczarek commands the stage with the aid of glitter, feather boas and masks, and what's more he does it with conviction. Goths and electro fans could both do a lot worse than check these guys out next time they play.

Artery were formed back in 1978 and have often been cited as one of the seminal post-punk bands. They were also compared to Joy Division, although the band have stated that Ian Curtis was never an influence. If there was a superficial similarity in their sound perhaps it could be called convergent evolution stemming from the bleak environments of their respective cities at the time.

They were known for their sheer stage intensity, creating an atmosphere a young Jarvis Cocker would later say embodied everything he always wanted from a live show but had never seen for real. Developing a loyal cult following in Sheffield, releasing three albums and a bunch of singles including the legendary 'Into The Garden', which I would urge readers to seek out if they've never heard, the band split in 1985, seemingly never to return.

Then in 2007 Jarvis Cocker was asked to curate Meltdown Festival in London. He asked Artery if they would reform for the show and they duly obliged. Now it's 2011 and in the small room of Corporation the aforementioned Jarvis-endorsed atmosphere is present. After letting the music build for a while, Mark Gouldthorpe (vocalist since the beginning) proceeds to get the audience's attention by staring right through them. Mark's eyes share equal weight with his half spoken vocals to create a spell that leaves pints hovering midway to mouths.

Both old and new songs seem to form a continuum, with no sense of the band having consciously re-invented themselves; songs written before and after their long hiatus sitting happily together. Highlights include new single 'Civilisation' and 'Unfaithful Girlfriend', along with classics like 'One Afternoon in a Hot Air Balloon'. Between verses the band allow space for pounding industrial percussion overlaid with wheeling (but never overdone) lead guitar, while Gouldthorpe prowls the stage in some kind of private ritual.

Artery are as relevant now as ever and are never merely quite good; a part of the Sheffield musical landscape restored and hungry for more.





## BJÖRK.

**BIOPHILIA.  
ONE LITTLE INDIAN.**

**REVIEWER – TOM BELSHAW.**

Björk Guðmundsdóttir. The futuristic eskimo. The world's favourite conceptual elf. She's the mother of reinvention. She's Iceland's third biggest export behind Kerry Katona's dwindling showbiz career and local delicacy singed sheep heads. One time she dressed up like a swan.

As you may have guessed, Reykjavik's favourite art house pixie has never been my cup of tea, but with any new release comes an opportunity for change and I recalled there was a lot of buzz about her playing at Bestival. Unfortunately, even though I knew I'd be reviewing this album, I missed her live performance in lieu of an impromptu wrestling match with my flatmate amidst a thousand techno revellers. You can't win them all.

I set about listening with an open mind but was ultimately disappointed with this LP. Credit where it's due, lead single 'Crystalline' is sharply produced and features 52 seconds of pure joy in the form of an absurd jungle rinse out produced by 16Bit. Penultimate track 'Mutual Core' is, for all intents and purposes, absolute filth. It's Noisia-themed poundings beat the sense out of the melancholy that precedes it and it sounds glorious.

But the remaining efforts and their decidedly over-complicated themes fall very far from the tree. Convoluted recording methods and sporadic time signatures paradoxically make the tracks feel empty. The sparse, sombre tone that litters 90% of the album makes it feel incomplete and leaves you begging for substance as opposed to the conceptualism it offers.

Imagine my bamboozlement to find that the internet is all over it like a cheap suit. Reviewers are throwing 9s at it left, right and starboard, arguing that it's somehow 'redefined the relationship between technology and nature'. People are going ape for the way this album has been released. Through a corporate tie-in with Apple it exists as a series of apps. Each track is narrated and annotated and entirely context bound. The CD isn't the full experience; you have to buy the apps as well. Critics are claiming this will revolutionise the way music is distributed and in turn change the music industry completely.

If change means allowing artists to compromise the integrity of their musical output under the guise of it being a small piece of a larger whole, then yes, it will change the industry completely; it'll change it into Hollywood. And let me tell you, the day I buy into an Icelandic George Lucas is the day I stop my inappropriate festival wrestling ways. Never.



## THE FIELD.

**LOOPING STATE OF MIND.  
KOMPAKT.**

**REVIEWER – FRED OXBY.**

It has now been four years since The Field became part of the musical landscape with his much appreciated **From Here We Go Sublime**. Since then, Axel Willner has been a busy man, remixing Thom Yorke, Battles and Sascha, as well as finding time to make **Yesterday and Today**, his most enjoyable second album. His third comes in the form of **Looping State of Mind**, a seven-track record on Cologne's Kompakt label.

While the first two albums had very little live recording, Looping State of Mind includes piano and double bass elements to complement the usual electronics and vocal samples. While Willner has always been a bit of a dab hand at the latter, these additions give a genuine sense of progression, adding a warmth which I found somewhat absent in the overall sound of earlier projects. As ever, the sound design and production is exquisite. In particular, the trademark manipulation of vocal samples and texture give the music a clear, original sound without feeling over-produced.

I think the sounds and ideas on Looping State of Mind represent true artistic evolution but also complement past works well. The sweeping textures and gentle melodies that fans of From Here We Go Sublime and Yesterday and Today will recognise as signature are still here, but in the sub-structures and rhythm there is something altogether more mature. The Field is no longer about texture and melody but groove as well, meaning that although Willner claims to no longer preoccupy himself with techno per se, he has produced something which is altogether more complete and, ultimately, more 'techno'. While there is still a huge amount of melodic richness, the beatmaking has improved, bringing the whole of the Field's sound forward.

There are, however, things which I don't like about this release and perhaps The Field in general. Occasionally, there is too much melodic activity, giving the music a cheesy feel. Constant synthy, chordy elements lend themselves well to atmospheric music but also become tiring after a while and for all their ingenuity and subtlety, the melodies do sometimes become too much for me to fully appreciate. Often though, Willner manages to surf the fine line between trance and melodic techno in style, and in these moments I find this music most rewarding. Like other giants of the genre like Nathan Fake and Max Cooper, the music can have an organic quality which much modern techno intentionally lacks, meaning that when all's said and done this record is much more about easy listening than dancefloor smashing.

Although I have considered this album in relation to previous works, this project certainly stands alone as a great piece of production and composition. While it is only in the details that the sound has really evolved, more of the same from the Field is not something I have tired of just yet.



## TIM HECKER.

**DROPPED PIANOS.  
KRANKY.**

**REVIEWER – BEN DOREY.**

Tim Hecker makes music that, despite being lumped in with ambient, generally trends towards the epic. Earlier this year he released **Ravedeath, 1972**, an album that sounded at points like a slow-motion apocalypse, but was also strangely euphoric. Recorded in a church in Reykjavik on a pipe organ, the large sonic environment of the album sounded incredible but lacked the intimacy of some of his earlier work.

**Dropped Pianos** is made up of sketches Hecker wrote when writing the album, seemingly before whatever happened in that Icelandic church injected euphoria into the project. Instead of the warm pipe organ we have a solitary piano that was dropped (get it?) from the final Ravedeath album, which sits coldly in hollow reverb leading the processions. The piano is so affected that it is barely recognisable, but the transformations are subtle enough to avoid any abrasiveness. The melodies are unashamedly half formed, but all the more beautiful for it.

'Sketch One' slowly builds out of fuzzy ambient textures in a wash of broken chords, the individual notes given incredible presence by the quality of the actual playing. Gradually the echoes grow in intensity to overwhelm the initially crisp piano in whirling analogue feedback. Hints at uplifting key changes reminiscent of Ravedeath keep appearing, but the chords formed by those overlapping echoes root us firmly in a sombre minor mode. 'Sketch Two' is a continuation of this theme, but with attention focused on different areas of the soundscape. The mechanical noises of the piano are accentuated and creaking doors and background noise are brought strangely to the fore.

'Sketch Three' is a short but emotive ambient soundscape, before 'Sketch Four' marks the return of the piano. Here, unlike in the opening pieces, the chords are fully formed, with Hecker emphasising each change just once. Simple and yet incredibly moving. 'Sketch Five' sees a return to the ideas of the first tracks, this time with piano lines layered on top of each other to create a lilting, limping effect. This is followed by the looping interlude of the sixth sketch. The shadows of earlier motifs return, reworked and expanded in the final three sketches with chilling effectiveness.

I know too well how it feels to spend inordinate amounts of hours in front of a piano playing with ideas that never come to fruition yet seem simultaneously like the most honest musical expressions you've ever made, so I empathise with this music in a way that means objectivity is a problem. But I honestly believe that even without the interesting context of its conception, Dropped Pianos is more than capable of standing on its own as a beautiful and hauntingly personal piece of music.



## VARIOUS ARTISTS.

**24 HOUR ALBUM  
FOR WAR ON WANT.**

**REVIEWER – SAM WALBY.**

Last month, Sheffield's G2 Studios took on the unenviable task of recording, mixing and mastering a 15-track compilation in 24 hours. Captured on 8th and 9th October, the album is now on sale digitally for the benefit of global poverty charity War on Want. It includes contributions from a real mix of (mostly) Sheffield-based musicians, including Neil McSweeney, the Everly Pregnant Brothers and Oxo Foxo.

Ranging from comedy ukulele songs to strummed acoustic ballads and heavy rock, this compilation does a good job of packing it all in to less than one hour of recorded music. Neil McSweeney's contribution 'Sapling Bough' is characteristically down to earth and reflective, sailing along on a simple strummed chord progression and vocals that are honest and compelling. Wooderson's 'Blow Hard' owes at least a little of its verve to British Sea Power, particularly in the vocal delivery during the verses, while its power pop songwriting and guitar tone remind me of grandiose 90s groups like Manic Street Preachers, with a post-punk twist.

'7 Pukka Pies' by ukulele sextet Everly Pregnant Brothers is as comic as it sounds. A simple song about (you guessed it) the chip shop, in particular its pie selection and condiments, this one raises a smile and is well placed on an album recorded for charity. It's nice once in a while to hear a band that doesn't take itself too seriously (or at all seriously). Featuring a similar instrumental arrangement, the Early Cartographers' 'All Roads Lead to Other Roads' is uplifting and melodic, backed by a cascade of harmonised group vocals.

Driftrun's 'Final Scene' melts together traditional guitar-based indie with programmed drums and walls of synths to create something approaching epic, although it feels like this recording has perhaps not fully captured the energy of the Sheffield four-piece.

Probably the most interesting track on this compilation is 'The Hunting Song' by Oxo Foxo. Created by a soloist using a loop pedal and (presumably) pre-programmed beats, it is built with layers of lyrics and deep bass that springs to life at around the half-way mark. On her website she cites influences like Björk and Glasser, and I have to concede that she does sound similar to both, but there is something original in this track that needs to be explored further by the former member of Urgent Talk.

There is too much on this album to go into proper detail. Go to facebook.com/albuminaday to buy it and support War on Want.





# THE BLACK DOG.

LIBER CANIS.

INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Martin and Richard Dust joined The Black Dog in 2001. The group was founded in 1989 by Ken Downie, Ed Handley and Andy Turner. Only the former is still involved, the other two having left in 1995 to focus on Plaid. After a period of relative inactivity, Downie teamed up with Martin and Richard from Sheffield's Dust Science label, and since then they have released a slew of albums and EPs.

A new series of EPs – **Liber Kult**, **Liber Temple** and **Liber Nox** – is out now, accompanied by a full length album called **Liber Dogma**. Also coming soon is a remix EP entitled **Liber Chaos**, with contributions from Perc, Blawan, Sandwell District, Sigha, Shifted and Richard H. Kirk.

Fresh from a gig at Park Hill, Martin and Richard took the time to talks to us about the project.

**Did your gig at Park Hill last month go as well as you hoped? Have you played up there before?**

Park Hill couldn't have gone any better really. Article and Drumroll did an excellent job and it felt good to sell it out, something we could have done twice over. No, we haven't played there before and we doubt it will ever happen again. We really enjoyed it and it's good to see someone trying to re-invent Sheffield and making an effort to help young people get on the property ladder. It's just a shame that all the people with the vision don't have the power to make the changes happen quicker.

**Is the new album Liber Dogma intended to be enjoyed as a whole?**

All our albums are meant to be listened to as a whole, but as "artists" we are not that concerned about what others do or say. We don't think you can afford to be. It is puzzling when you see a couple of tracks picked from an album on Juno or Bleep, but there's nothing you can do about it so we tend not to worry about it and let people do what they want.

**What is your recording process like? Do you perform many of the parts live or is the majority sequenced?**

We don't have a set process. Everyone brings ideas to the table and we jam them out like a live band or someone goes away and does one part while others do the rest. We always have the live element in our tracks and often leave mistakes in, but we don't feel it matters how they are done just as long as they move us. Sometimes the process can be more interesting than the end result, but we don't have a magic formula.

**Is much of your material made with hardware? How has your setup developed over time?**

We'll use anything, hardware or software. The biggest development is not having to take the studio on tour anymore and we are not really that nerdy about kit. When magazines ask us to talk about what we use we always refuse, not because we want to keep anything a secret but because it's just so boring.

**You don't play out in Sheffield that much. Is that for lack of suitable venues or some other reason?**

We don't - perhaps once every three years or so. It's kinda strange that we can pack 3,000 people into a room at Fabric in London or The Unit in Japan, but we appreciate Sheffield leaving us alone to do our thing. Sheffield is a double-edged sword. Lots of creative people here moan that they don't feel "included" and perhaps miss the greatest thing about Sheffield - the space and the fact that you have to do it yourself.

**In general, how do you feel about club culture these days?**

It seems pretty healthy from where we are sitting. We enjoy a wide spectrum of music so travelling around we've seen lots of changes and most of them have been good. We don't hanker after the "old days" at all if that's what you're asking.

**Which producers are doing it for you right now?**

Xhin, Sigha, Shifted, Tommy 24/7, Sandwell District, Blawan, Karenn, Adam X, Ben Klock, Marcel Dettmann, Andre Galluzzi, Cassy, Steffi, Luke Slater, Marcel Fengler, Prosumer, Lucy, Ancient Methods, Scuba, Martyn, Serge.

**I'm probably opening a can of worms with this question, but what was your take on the riots in August?**

We think it proves that people in one way or another have had enough, be that unfair treatment or being force-fed capitalist status. It's a shame it didn't have more political focus and perhaps even more sickening is listening to the Tories gloat that the only shops that were safe were bookshops. It really lets you know what they actually think of us proles. The lesson? Invest in our young people and they will amaze you.

**How do you imagine Sheffield developing and changing over the next ten years?**

It's going to go one of two ways - become more like Leeds/Manchester or Rotherham. The city centre is a different place since they built Meadowhall and it's so difficult to drive into or give directions to anyone. That said, there will always be creative people here who don't feel the need to run with the pack and stay because it suits them.

**We featured photography by Shaun Bloodworth last year. Tell us about your sponsorship of his Underground exhibition last year.**

We just put a little money in to help get things done. It wasn't a big deal really. Shaun's a great artist and deserves the support. He's done some fantastic work for us so we thought it was time to give something back. The exhibition was a great success. It's good to see others getting acknowledged for their work.

**Who did the artwork for the Liber series?**

We've been working with Human for a couple of years now. We give them the music and the ideas behind what we are doing and let them do what they want to do. We trust them and the creative process works, so we leave it be.

**There are occult themes running through a lot of your work.**

[Martin] I think there are, yeah. I'm really into Aleister Crowley and Austin Osman Spare. I've been to OTO [Ordo Templi Orientis] and IOT [Illuminates of Thanateros] events. I was one of the founding members of Thee Temple ov Psychick Youth with Genesis P.Orridge and all those guys. I think if you class yourself as an artist, you've got to be interested in that kind of stuff because it's really open to ideas. Some of Austin Osman Spare's pictures are really, really deep and haunting. There was one of a woman that taught him witchcraft and any second it looked like it was going to flick its fucking eyes up. It really worked on a different dimension. You know sometimes you do something really good without thinking about it? That's what his pictures seem to capture. It's a great skill to turn everything else off and just create, and I guess that's where we're at. We don't sit and think about it - sometimes we don't even talk about it.

**Can you explain the naming of the series and its inspiration?**

There's some really obvious references in there. Liber Kult, Liber Temple and 'Greedy Gutter Guru' have all got to do with Thee Temple ov Psychick Youth. The Daily Mail did a really false exposé on Genesis P.Orridge and called him the Greedy Gutter Guru. I saw that and thought it was a really good song title. Liber Nox was a fantastic magazine written by a good friend of mine called Steve Sennitt.

Hardly anybody knows why our tracks are named like that, and we don't really have to explain. For those who don't know, I don't think they're really missing out on anything. It's all about our journey because it's not planned - tracks are named when they're finished, EPs are named when they're finished, and then artwork is created.

**So you don't ever work towards a concept?**

That sometimes works, but what usually happens is that by the time all three of us have thrown ideas into it, it's changed into something else. So we have loads of project names that are utterly meaningless.

**Have you got any releases from other artists coming up on Dust Science?**

Yes, we are about to sign a load of new people in the new year but we don't want to say much until it actually happens and we're in no rush.

theblackdogma.com  
dustscience.com  
humanstudio.com



# MIXED IN SHEFFIELD.

CHARTING THE MUSICAL LANDSCAPE.

INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Mixed in Sheffield is a project that aims to unite Sheffield's various sub-cultures under a single banner. Since its launch in 2009, two compilation albums have been unleashed on the city, on top of countless events and a new nightclub called Dan Sane. We caught up with founder Liam O'Shea to talk about the project and the motivation behind it.

**What got you into promoting and why did you launch the Mixed in Sheffield project?**

I started out in the early 90s playing at my mate's night called No Logic. At the same time I worked at Capital (now the Plug). Later I became a resident at the legendary drum 'n' bass night NY Sushi. I was signed to Formation records (DJ SS's label) and I released on other labels like Ratty's white label imprint and Wildstylz (NY Sushi's own label). I've been heavily involved within the music scene of this city since 1992 and I've been a DJ and promoter for nearly 20 years.

I started the Mixed in Sheffield project to reach out, communicate, unite, discover and ultimately do something positive. I looked at places like Manchester and Berlin and thought "this is so much better - it feels like people are much more supportive of each other".

**What has been your favourite MiS event?**

The first one was very special. I remember there being over 450 people crammed into Yellow Arch. People all felt part of it. They came together and entered into the spirit of the event with a sense of celebration that was contagious. I'm re-releasing the video which my friends at Voidcomp made of the event to coincide with this article, so you will be able to access it at [mixedinsheffield.co.uk](http://mixedinsheffield.co.uk).

**How have events at Dan Sane gone down so far?**

The opening with Dinky was simply wonderful. The Levon Vincent and Chris Duckenfield follow-up was equally good. The art event with the Hantu Collective was amazing too.

**Tell us about the MiS label and recording studio.**

I started the label after the first year. By this time I had done the first mix/compilation, the launch event, Tramlines Festival and a remix competition for Wall of Sound. I realised that I needed a vehicle for some of the material I was finding. Also I wanted the whole thing to continue, and to do this it needed to support itself. I used to have a studio in the building that Club 60 currently inhabits. As things moved on I needed to expand and so I found my new location, which is bang in the city centre - the old Avalon Studios, and actually more recently the Arctic Monkeys' main rehearsal space. It's got an amazing vibe and has allowed me to significantly expand what I do.

**Do you think you have achieved your goal of uniting disparate Sheffield scenes?**

It's a tall order in this town [laughs]. Of course it was always going to be a work in progress. That being said, I feel that Mixed in Sheffield has had an effect on the musical climate of Sheffield. There just seems to be more of an acceptance of collaboration between promotions and event organisations than there was before. I may be wrong, but it seems that way to me.

**What is special about music in Sheffield?**

In more recent years I think it's been characterised by the real frankness of Sheffielders, and people being down to earth and lacking in pretence. It's written all over the faces of the Arctic Monkeys, Richard Hawley, Toddla T, Sarah Mac, Richard H Kirk, The All-Seeing Eye, Mabel Love, Dead Sons, Nyra, Chris Duckenfield, Matt Helders, Mega Aquarians and the Heebie Jeebies. Sheffield music is characterised by hard work and a dogged determination to succeed in the face of bleak prospects with minimal materials.

**Do you have any advice for upcoming promoters?**

Be prepared to get your hands dirty. Don't just do Facebook promo and think that's enough. You've got to pick something you love and put everything into it. Be prepared to accept change when it is necessary. If you let your ego run the show you can end up losing a lot of money.

**What is on the horizon for MiS and Dan Sane in 2012?**

(RE)Mixed in Sheffield 3, another warehouse event to celebrate MiS's 3rd birthday and a lot more releases. I want the studio to be a hive of activity. We are planning some utterly ridiculous parties at Dan Sane as well. My ultimate goal is to stop the clubbing drain to Leeds and Manchester, and have people in those cities see Sheffield as a clubbing destination again. We are getting there already and I'm really excited about the next few months.

## HARLEY LIVE

Th 03/11

19:30 The Harley  
Drowned in Sound  
LANTERNS ON  
THE LAKE

Sa 05/11

20:00 The Harley  
Small Ideas  
LED BIB

Su 06/11

19:30 The Harley  
Plug Live  
AIRSHIP

Mo 07/11

19:30 The Harley  
Leadmill Live  
HYDE & BEAST

Th 10/11

20:30 The Harley  
X Ray Horse  
THE TWELVES

Sa 12/11

20:30 The Harley  
X Ray Horse  
MERCURY RISING

Tu 15/11

19:30 The Harley  
Drowned in Sound  
DUTCH UNCLES

Sa 19/11

19:30 The Harley  
Opus  
LIZ GREEN

We 23/11

22:00 The Harley  
Pop Sex  
FRANKIE & THE  
HEARTSTRINGS DJ

Mo 28/11

19:30 The Harley  
Plug Live  
COLOURMUSIC

Fr 16/12

19:30 Queens Social  
EVERLY PREGNANT  
BROTHERS

Sa 17/12

19:30 Queens Social  
Harley Live  
THE CROOKES

Fr 23/12

19:30 The Harley  
HEY SHOLAY

Sa 31/12

21:00 The Harley  
WHITE MIRROR BALL



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EISENFUNK**

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SUN 6TH NOV - £7 ADV - 7PM \*

**FAIR TO MIDLAND**

+ JUNCTION 31  
+ ORDER OF VOICES

MON 7TH NOV - £6 ADV - 7PM \*#

**CHINA SHOP BULL**

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+ SMILING IVY  
+ CHRONICLES OF GRAHAM

THU 10TH NOV - £12 ADV - 7PM \*

**TURISAS**

+ CHTHONIC  
+ KIUAS

MON 14TH NOV - £12.50 ADV - 7PM \*#

**MADINA LAKE**

+ MY PASSION  
+ SUPER HAPPY FUN CLUB

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**ARCANE ROOTS**

+ 22  
+ GREAT DEEDS

WED 16TH NOV - £12 ADV - 7PM \*#

**DEVIN TOWNSEND**

+ DAVE McPHERSON

THU 17TH NOV - £7.50 ADV - 7PM \*

**THE VIRGINMARYS**

+ SUPPORT

FRI 18TH NOV - £7 ADV - 7PM \*#

**HAWK EYES /  
TURBOWOLF**

+ THE JAMES CLEAVER QUINTET

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**THE DWARVES**

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+ NERVECELL

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+ OLD CORPSE ROAD  
+ EIBON LA FURIES

SAT 26TH NOV - £12 ADV - 7PM \*#

**TYLA & THE  
DOGS D'AMOUR**

+ SILVERJET

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**THE  
WONDER YEARS**

+ HOSTAGE CALM  
+ APOLOGIES, I HAVE NONE

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+ FEI COMODO  
+ NEVER MEANS MAYBE

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08/12 - ZEBRAHEAD  
09/12 - ROCK SOUND RIOT TOUR  
10/12 - MANNING  
11/12 - TITLE FIGHT  
12/12 - RED JUMPSUIT APPARATUS  
13/12 - BURY TOMORROW  
16/12 - THE TREATMENT  
17/12 - AVENUES & ALLEYWAYS  
19/01 - BLACK DAHLIA MURDER  
04/02 - CANTERBURY  
10/02 - HYRO DA HERO  
02/03 - NORMA JEAN  
04/03 - PROTEST THE HERO  
08/03 - INME  
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# FILMREEL.

FILM ARCHITECTURES / BUILDINGS IN FILM.

## FILM ARCHITECTURES.

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES.

The second stage of structuring the narrative of a film is to build upon and around the psychological foundations of each scene. I realise I could be quoting at least two of the architects of Cinema I most admire and that have so influenced my work: Michelangelo Antonioni or Andrei Tarkovsky. Yet, this is the best way I can express what I've always instinctively implemented in my own output.

Architecture is one of my main passions outside film. Whilst I strive to attain the same rigorous simplicity that, for example, Le Corbusier displayed in all his designs - which elevated common materials from the level of mere functionality to something altogether more transcendental - my opening sentence does not just relate to form.

Once the narrative is outlined, with its core fundamental sections in place, there comes the need to locate those fragments of time, those shreds of mood and atmosphere in space. This should never just adhere to stylistic choices or a need to display production values. The space in which the action takes place has to emphasise a variety of filmic aspects which, in my practice, are invariably pursued with the following hierarchy:

**Character** – Ideally, the most crucial scenes display a coherence between space or surroundings and the psychological/emotional state of the character. His/her background may also have an influence, alongside personal aspirations, inner doubts and desires, repressed or otherwise.

**Architecture itself** – That remarkable imprint we leave behind, conjured up by necessity or sheer need to master the various elements in Nature, can at times overwhelm and override nearly everything else. With that comes a sense of contemplation, an appreciation of geometrical harmony or a very specific gaze upon the unintentional/previously unnoticed correlation (if not conflict) between certain lines or details.

**Story/Plot** – The way the above are employed is, in effect, more respectful towards the narrative than conventional filmmaking would let you know. The use of space and architecture within such parameters guides you more profoundly through the story than you would consider. It can do so in a subtle manner (or not), but it's always aiding the plot to progress, one way or another. In other words, it may not be what you expect or particularly think to be vital, but it is what you need in order to fully appreciate what is unfolding before you.

I've always been extremely sensitive to the mood of places. Certain sites have had the most powerful, lingering impact on my being and often I have felt a very physical response to what is mostly an ethereal residue of a building's history or past function. By now, I have mastered the ability to weave mood into a given space or sculpt the right atmosphere onto the façade of a building, but to come across it in ways that are beyond my control - that are inherent, regardless of where I position the camera - is as thrilling as casting the right person for a part.

Certain cities are abundant with such spaces. You find it in their neglected corners, in the way once innovative buildings can still stand proud in the face of baffling planning permissions. The suburban, the periphery, the northern city which speaks of quiet resentment in a country that may favour the more international capital. They all fascinate and inspire me as potential settings for the right tale. Yet more than once I have had the privilege of filming in three major European cities that enriched the projects in question to unexpected levels of cinematic flare. These were Barcelona, Rome and Lisbon. The films I have made in these cities, between 2003 and 2008, display key moments in which everything that I have so far outlined in this article was eventually distilled and implemented.

The examples go as such:

In **Torpor Revisited**, a character who has found a renewed harmony in her life spots a face from her troubled past in the crowd. This is something that brings into question her present existence and as she revisits the area of that sighting, the Gothic quarters of Barcelona provide the right sinuous journey back in time; the graffiti tattooed on the old surrounding walls evoke her once moral decline, whilst the CCTV cameras pierced into historical corners point to the possible voyeuristic directions that the plot may take.

In **Stolen Waters & Other Absences**, the former lover of a deceased poet starts by looking over Rome, the backdrop of their affair, from the vantage point of Villa Borghese, where she herself appears to be scrutinised by the accusing gaze of various sculpted busts that include the painter Giotto and the poet Dante Alighieri. As she descends into the city, a stroll around the Trastevere, with its architectural punctuations of the religious and funereal kind, gives way to the voluptuous seclusion of Quartiere Coppedè.

And in **Absences of Mind**, the film that precedes Stolen Waters in the unfinished trilogy, a reclusive lesbian writer with a terminal disease gives herself to a moment of private exploration of her body – an intimate, lugubrious act which brings evocative, sunlit architectural details in sudden flashes that underline her progressively altered state. Such details include the ceremonial shot of the rosary façade of a church and the emphasis on the phallic quality of an old chimney from derelict lime ovens, but they are entirely open to interpretation. It's only when the writer's immersion in herself is complete (by means of a slow fade to black) that we see the male, who'd been kept out of the equation, emerging and ascending up old steps which in turn offer a privileged view of Lisbon - the city of spies and intellectual exiles.

If this was just about location, anyone with enough time and taste could make a film. This is about structuring the film language by means of paying attention to your surroundings. It's about understanding the essence of your material and setting the right foundations that will prevent it from crumbling.

It's about communicating with the right language, like the late, great Antonioni does in so many of his films (which paradoxically have been defined as 'works of sheer incommunicability'). He does so, more strikingly than any other time, in the end sequence of **The Eclipse** (1962), where details of previously seen suburban desolation are all masterfully edited together to rapidly culminate in the titular eclipse. The fact that it also highlights the emotional/existential crossroads at which the main character finds herself has to be acknowledged as one of the greatest acts of respect and consideration for his audience that a filmmaker ever achieved.

**JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES IS A PORTUGUESE FILMMAKER LIVING AND WORKING INDEPENDENTLY IN SHEFFIELD. HIS WORKS INCLUDE ANTLERS OF REASON AND AN ARRAY OF MUSIC VIDEOS AND DOCUMENTARIES. VISIT CAPTURAFILMES.BLOGSPOT.COM.**

## BUILDINGS IN FILM.

ALEX KEEGAN.

The advent of cinema was for all those involved a turbulent and unpredictable affair. The discovery that moving images could be recorded and replayed caused an almost hysterical reaction from artists and audiences alike. As a result, many of the early incarnations of cinema were so infatuated with moving objects themselves that set and movement within an environment were minimal. Action was often played out in front of a two-dimensional painted backboard. Cinema-goers were essentially watching recorded theatre.

Such a quirk seems to us technologically savvy selves to be humorously archaic, but it's understandable considering how revolutionary a moving image was. What better way to comprehend some of the first representational images of a real-life moving object than against unobtrusive backgrounds? The normalisation of cinema brought about innovators who broke away from the quickly stagnating idea that film as a medium is merely a one-directional camera's perspective of action. Arguably the first of these innovators was Edwin S. Porter, whose 1906 film **The Great Train Robbery** incorporated 12 different sequences edited together to create a dynamic story. For the first time action was taking place within a space and interacting with that space. The first close-up was used – a sheriff's arm shown shooting a gun – and so audiences were introduced to concepts concerning areas of space and how they were presented. These are commonplace now – a close-up suggests tension and a wide shot establishes a scene – but the language of cinema was crafted in reference to the space the shot was composed in.

One of the great cinematic masters, Orson Welles, embodies this innovative approach to space. With films like **Citizen Kane** and **Touch of Evil** he cemented the idea that space could be utilised cinematically to great ends. The former film incorporated many techniques of German expressionism and Russian experimentation to compose shots with different parts of action taking place on different planes of depth; a boy plays outside in the background whilst his mother and father talk about him indoors in the mid-ground, then his mother walks into the foreground. Essential action is occurring throughout the image. This approach limited the need for editing as various moments of action essential to the scene play out within the same image, whilst still creating a result which is distinctly cinematic. Touch of Evil's legacy relies heavily on its opening scene. A moving crane shot that lasts just under four minutes manages to establish a scene, create tension and deliver a climactic crescendo all in one take. The camera sweeping through a town allows the audience to understand the environment in which the action is taking place while framing the space in a relevant way so as to guide the narrative.

The spaces in which cinematic action take place rely on the environments the characters inhabit, and no such device has been more useful in developing the relationship between character and environment than that of buildings. Since the early departures from backdrops, buildings have themselves become narrative devices and to an extent characters within their own films. The horror genre is a perfect example of this. Buildings provide a comfortable yet isolated space in which fear can lay dormant. The trend is obvious – **Nosferatu** creeping up the familial stairs, the Freudian home by the motel in **Psycho**, the cursed bedroom in **The Exorcist** and the reclusive holiday nightmare retreat of **The Shining** – all show that our greatest fears lie in supposed safe havens. Stanley Kubrick – director of the latter film – perfectly encapsulated the effect a building's portrayal can have on our understanding of a character's 'internal' space. Corridors become labyrinths characters get lost in, open doors tempt passers-by with a promise of the unknown and walls groan under the weight of their victims' blood.

Pseudo-misogynazi Lars von Trier – always a fan of bastardising conventions – rejected these established approaches regarding buildings in the first two parts of his **USA: Land of Opportunities** trilogy. Both films incorporate sparsely minimal sets, and all action takes place on a sound stage, landmarks and buildings defined simply by chalk lines scrawled on the floor accompanied by relevant annotations. Whilst reinforcing the film's status as an artificial construct, this also meant that von Trier could play with the spaces between the actors. Whereas conventionally walls of buildings would separate characters confining their space and how we perceived them, we are suddenly thrown into a world in which we are omnipotent – able to view all action within a town wherever we are placed. This technique is brilliantly reflected in the story as a town quickly turns against an inquisitive, innocent outsider. Plots and conspiracies are formed against the protagonist in the background whilst other members of the town treat her to shallow pleasantries in the foreground. Such clashing tones help to establish a sense of dread that forebodes and hangs heavy over the film until an inevitable ending of undeserved cruelty.





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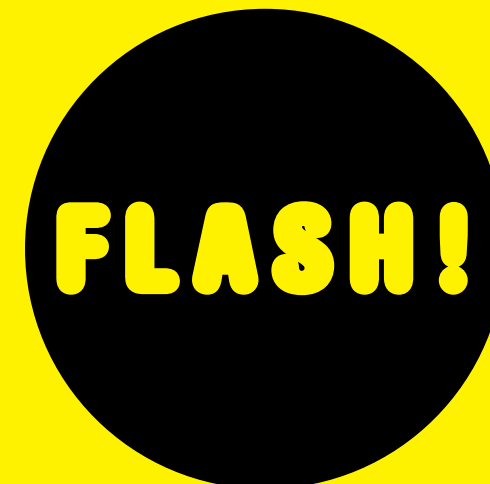
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**Thurs 24 Nov.**  
**Pecha Kucha**  
**Sheffield**  
**FLASH!**  
**OF 20x20**



**Thurs 10 Nov.**  
**Science**  
**Junkies**  
**FLASH!**  
**OF BRAINWAVES**



**Mon 28 Nov.**  
**Andy**  
**Kirkpatrick:**  
**Cold Wars**  
**FLASH! OF**  
**GUT-WRENCHING**



**Thurs 01 Dec.**  
**Steve Edge**  
**FLASH!**  
**EDGE**

[facebook.com/flash.sheffield](https://facebook.com/flash.sheffield)  
 [@FlashSheffield](https://twitter.com/FlashSheffield)  
Tickets: [sheffieldsu.com/flash](https://sheffieldsu.com/flash)







## THE BLAKE HOTEL.

53 BLAKE STREET,  
WALKLEY.  
0114 233 9336

The Blake Hotel is located in Walkley, just off Upperthorpe and opposite Ruskin Park. Last year it was reopened after being taken on by new landlord James, already known for his involvement in high-quality drinking establishments like the New Barrack Tavern (Owlerton/Hillsborough) and the inimitable Sheaf View (Heeley). A former Kelham Island Brewery employee, James has transformed the pub from a derelict mess into a joyful retreat through hard graft and determination, just as he did with the Sheaf ten years earlier.

This is no city centre hang out, so don't expect a Top 40 jukebox or a range of fluorescent alcopops. The Blake is a cosier, more traditional affair, with a small bar serving a range of rotating and reasonably priced real ales (around the £2-£2.50 mark), some of them locally produced and all of them well kept, as well as at least one proper (read 'powerfully strong') cider and a selection of quality continental lagers. If you've been to the Barracks or the Sheaf before then you know the score. 'Affordable', 'friendly' and 'unassuming' are all words that spring to mind, but more than that the Blake embodies the Northern pub spirit which lends many of Sheffield's best boozers their charm.

Perhaps the most impressive part of the Blake's operation is that at any one time it offers over 100 whiskeys - officially the largest collection in Sheffield. It has a spacious and accommodating beer garden, equipped with a covered smoking shelter and offering a stunning view of the city centre across Upperthorpe. Perfect for a post-walk pint or a Sunday afternoon tipple, or for those taking part in a Full Monty tour (Ruskin Park is the location of the playground scene, and the pub itself - then boarded up - can at one point be spotted in the background).

Blake Street is also (arguably) the steepest road in Sheffield, so you can sweat out the revelry before and after. The pub is best reached on the 95 bus route from the city centre (jump out at Fulton Road and follow it down the hill) or by braving the hill behind Infirmary Road.

## THE CHRISTMAS MARKET.

FARGATE.  
CONTACT - JULIE WILSON.  
JUST.JULES@YMAIL.COM

As Christmas approaches with its usual unflinching formidability, Sheffield City Council is preparing for the renowned Christmas market on Fargate. This year they are placing particular importance on featuring local independent traders and their Sheffield-made produce. Available to this select group are discounted rates on up to ten log cabins at the very affordable price of £50 each per day. The Council are encouraging traders to bind together and share these cabins for a week at a time, thus showcasing as much of Sheffield's unique trade as possible.

The markets around Fargate and the Peace Gardens have on previous years brought as many as 250,000 people to the city centre over the festive period, most with an eager hunger for purchasing gifts for their loved ones. What better gift than one crafted by a local independent, we ask you?

In addition to the bounty of independent trade soon to be on offer, the organisers will be providing a purpose built Santa's Grotto for the little uns - one which we are told will put its conveyor belt-like predecessors to shame. This is fully interactive, so get the family involved. Also on show will be the popular Bar and Hot Griddle experience, with various expansions of this theme sprouting out in the weeks leading up to the big day.

The Christmas period is undoubtedly a great time for traders both large and small, but when you are out there shopping please remember that independent traders are one of the crucial elements in bringing character and individuality to this city. Don't let Sheffield become another high street clone town. Go through the pages of this magazine and previous issues for just a glimpse of what is on offer.

## STREETSMART.

STREETSMART.CO.UK

Calling all cafes and restaurants! Streetsmart is a charity that is working with them to raise funds to support homeless charities during November and December. It doesn't cost you a thing. Just ask your clients to pay an additional £1 on their bill and the money raised will be shared with local organisations combating homelessness. The Sheffield scheme is being supported by eatSheffield and the money will be distributed by Sheffield Agencies for the Vulnerable and Excluded (SAVE).

If you are interested, visit [streetsmart.co.uk](http://streetsmart.co.uk) or contact Tracy Viner at the Cathedral Archer Project: [tracy.viner@sheffield-cathedral.org.uk](mailto:tracy.viner@sheffield-cathedral.org.uk) or 0114 3212312.

## YORKSHIRE TEE.

S1 ARTSPACE, 118 TRAFALGAR STREET.  
ANGGA@YORKSHIRETEE.CO.UK / 07922219482

Yorkshire Tee has only surfaced recently but has made quite a stir. They are based at S1 Artspace and already supply some of the most creative streetwear labels in the city.

Their aim is to not only supply to existing brands, but to help out up-and-coming labels as well. You can start your own label with just one t-shirt design. They can point you in the right direction for social media expertise, a free online shop and freshly printed garments, so get creative.

If you'd like to check it out yourself head over to their Facebook and Twitter pages. These guys know what they're doing.

## AY UP DUCKS.

FACEBOOK.COM/AYUPDUCKS

We've all been there - enjoying a pint, some great music or the wonderful people at our favourite boozer thinking: This is good but if only there were talking ducks to guide me to some other places I might like...

Ay Up Ducks combines street art with Sheffield's great pubs in the latest exhibition by local artist CoLoR. 25 ducks sporting local greetings and phrases form a show which spans the city and rewards you for getting off the beaten track. It's not a pub crawl. It's about putting smiles on faces and exploring the wealth of great places just past your doorstep.

Ducks seen in double vision will not count twice and if ducks actually start talking to you, please stop drinking and seek medical advice. Happy hunting.

# FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

## THE RIVERSIDE.

MOWBRAY ST.

The Riverside is a nice little boozer by the river in Kelham Island. This month they are launching a new series of comedy events called Sit Down, Stand Up. Taking place on the third Wednesday of the month, it promises to be a cosy, laid-back affair, with Dave Twentymen and Mike Newall booked for 16th November and Andrew O'Neil and Ray Kane for 21st December.

Also worth mentioning is that the Riverside will be putting on jazz four-piece Portico Quartet (interviewed in Now Then #36) on 12th November as part of Upstairs Downstairs. This gig is free of charge (donations taken on the door), and will also include the Legend of the Seven Black Tentacles, Cuckoo Clocks, Peter Antoniou, Dean McPhee, Tom Goose and an open mic session hosted by Wordlife. An epic line-up.

## AMERICAN SOUL.

44 CHAPEL WALK.  
FACEBOOK.COM/AMERICANSOUL.CO.UK

Hate their foreign policy, laugh at the farcically named Baseball 'World Series', but one thing our cousins across the pond do better than anyone is sweet treats (or 'candy', as they say).

Having moved from the Forum shops to a much larger and better looking premises on the historic Chapel Walk, American Soul is something to behold. Though exclusively dealing in all things sweet, it is far from your common sweet shop. Boasting a massive range of goodies, from 'sodas' and cereals to what is probably the largest selection of jelly beans this side of LA, the lovely chaps that own this place have created a Willy Wonka-esque world of wonder that will have the little uns begging for a daily visit, as well as reminding the rest of us what it was like to care about nothing more deeply than sweetsies.

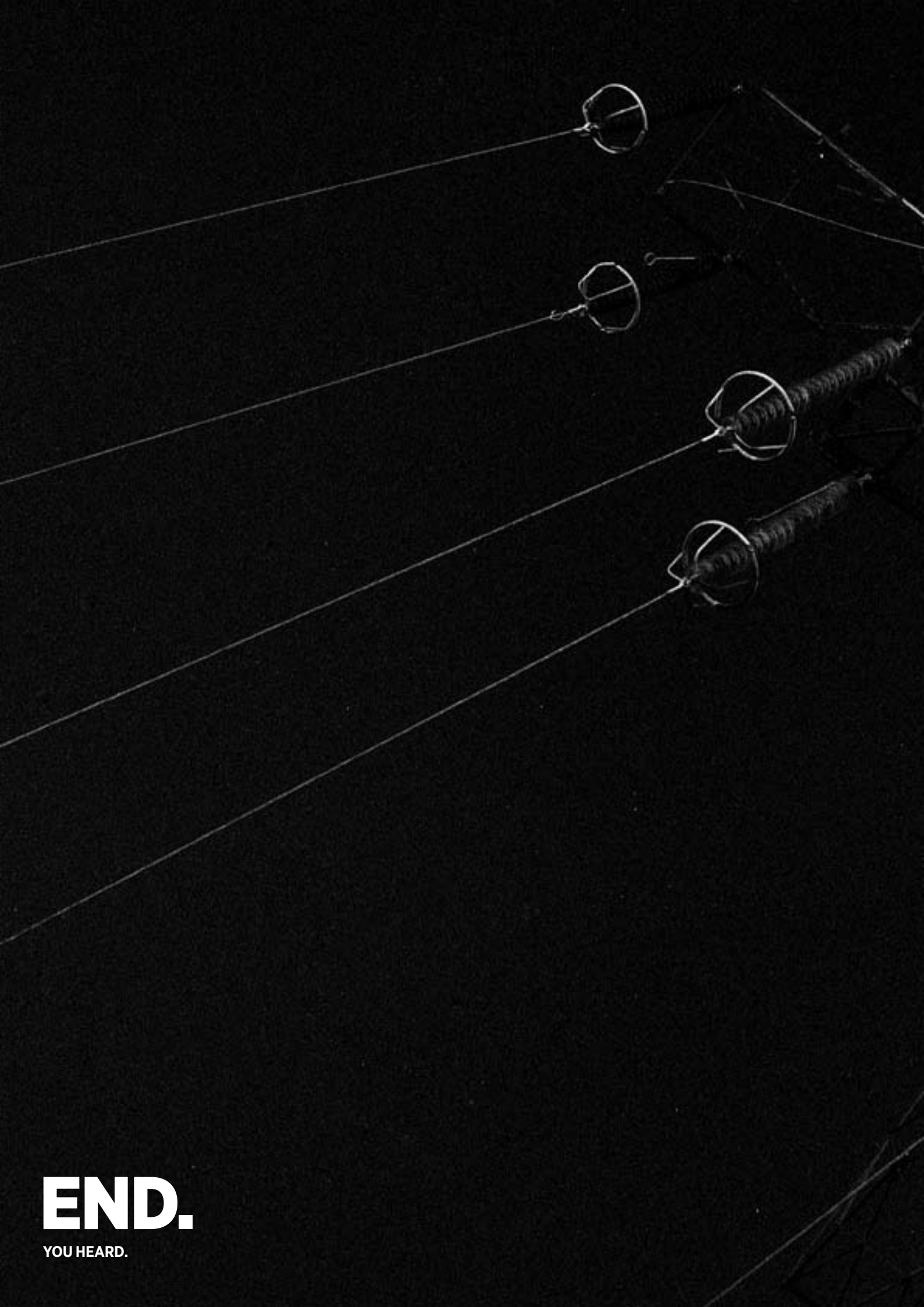
## THELMA'S.

345 SHARROW VALE ROAD.  
07930284143

A good café should provide three things: the kind of delicious homemade treats you never have time to make yourself, great coffee and a really cracking sarnie. Thelma's bags three gold stars using this scoring system. The homely décor and convenient location in Hunters Bar makes it an equally lovely spot to catch up with your buddies or eavesdrop on ladies who lunch.

But the warm atmosphere doesn't stem from the styling alone. Thelma's is a genuine family business. Run by the lovely Rowley sisters, it is named after their late grandmother. Worth sampling is their fantastic ciabatta with parma ham and mozzarella, plus three side dishes of potato salad, green salad and couscous. Even by Eccy Rd standards, it's particularly lush. Thelma would be proud.





**END.**  
YOU HEARD.

*Book now for*

# CHRISTMAS

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& OPENING IN DECEMBER, THE BROADFIELD ALE HOUSE



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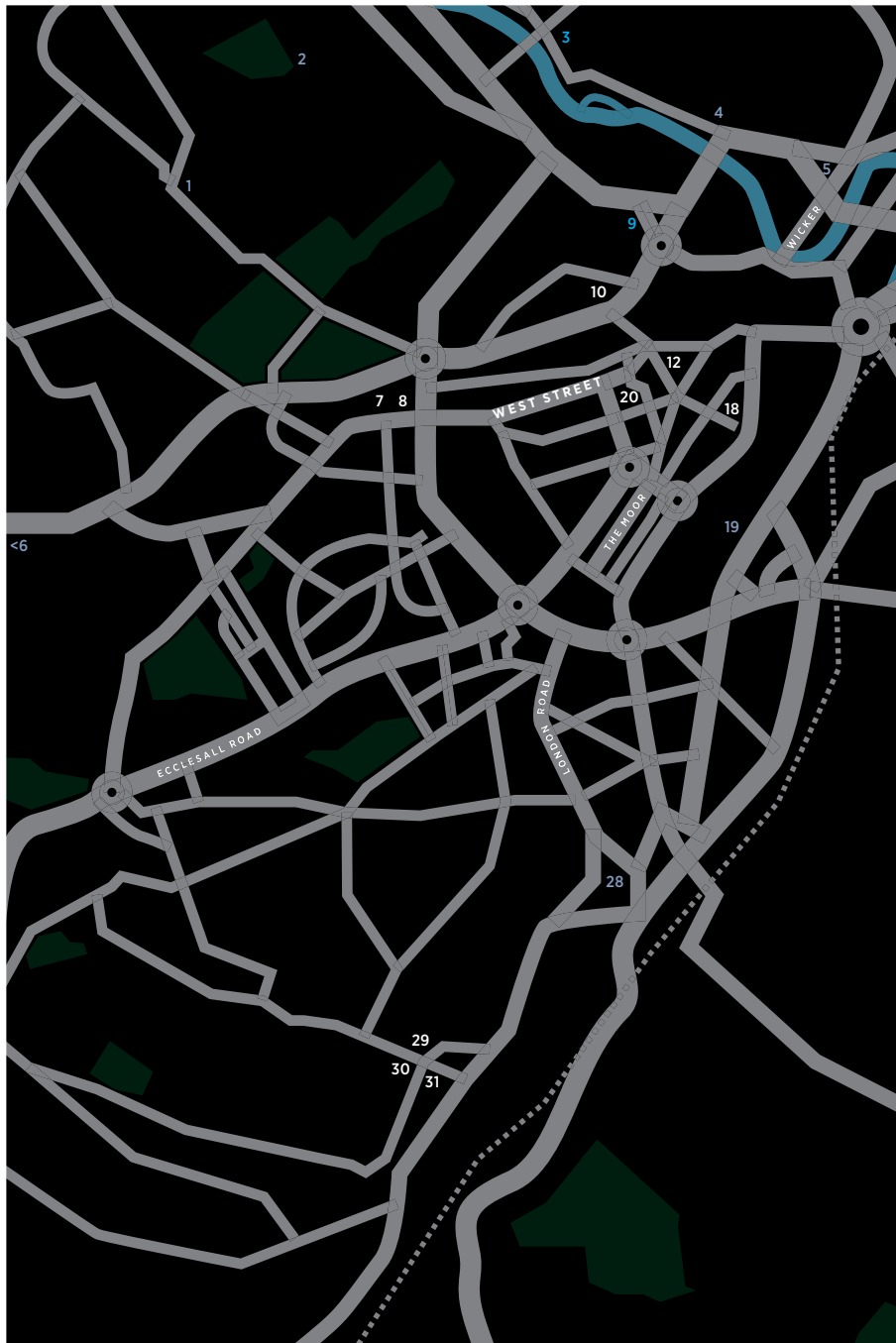


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# THIS IS YOUR CITY.



## KEY.

■ = SHEFFIELD REAL ALE HOUSES & BREWERIES.

### CROOKES/CROOKESMOOR.

1. DRAM SHOP
2. BLAKE HOTEL
3. GARDENERS REST
4. THE RIVERSIDE BAR
5. THE HARLEQUIN
6. THE RISING SUN

### CITY CENTRE.

7. SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY UNION
8. THE HARLEY
9. SHAKESPEARES
10. 3 TUNS
11. THE RED DEER
12. THE VINTAGE FAIR (TOWN HALL)
13. THE COMMON ROOM
14. SYD & MALLORY
15. DON'T FEED THE BEARS
16. CORPORATION
17. THE PLUG
18. AMERICAN SOUL
19. THE RUTLAND ARMS
20. BREZZA

### ECCLESALL ROAD.

21. KUJI

### SHARROW VALE ROAD.

22. SHARROW MARROW
23. TWO STEPS FISHERIES
24. PORTER BOOKS

### LONDON ROAD.

25. DELANEY'S MUSIC BAR
26. REGATHER
27. SMART VENUE COFFEE
28. ABBEYDALE BREWERY

### NETHER EDGE.

29. S7 ELECTRICAL
30. HOMEMADE
31. THE OLD SWEET SHOP

